THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIX. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 44 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1863.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN

BABY-WAIF.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When the balmy April hours
Decked the budding coats of silver trees,
And the tiny, emerald flowers
Gleefful lay on every breeze;
When the twitter of the swallow
Rippled round the mossy caves,
And the chatter, dust and shallow,
Shot between the coherent leaves;
Pretty waif, with sun-awry tresses,
To our home a baby came!

Flushed together bud and blossom,
In the tremulous morning dew,
But the bud on mother's bosom
Was the sweetest one grew!
Full she glowed, as snow-crush chilled,
Sunlight hair and violet eyes,
Oh, she was a fragile lily
From the realm of Paradise;
Some young angel's listless hand
Dropped into our twilight land!

While the stormy, snowy May hours
Swung in frosty bud and flower,
As our home the station knew,
Grew in beauty every hour;
Till one twilight, wild and chilly,
Fell a shadow from the skies,
And our angel-gathered lily
Bloomed once more in Paradise.
Coming back to us no more
From the far immortal shore.

When the buds in April's bosom
Danced once more in sun and rain,
In the garden slept our blossom
That will never wake again!
And our love hath set a token
In that valley-garden lone,
Broken, like the vase it broken
Lily, carved upon a stone,
Where with mournfully mist eyes
Baby-waif, our darling, lies!

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

Baptiste, be it remembered, was a large, strong man, and an experienced warrior. By the side of his gigantic leader he did not show to so good advantage; but he was taller than Conrad, and much heavier; and he frowned as he met with the air of one supremely confident of his own prowess.

"Poor boy!" he said, advancing his right foot, and raising his sword to a favorite guard, "you have brought this upon yourself."

"I ask no pity," replied our hero, glad of an opportunity to speak,—for it gave relief to his breathing. "If you have work to do, set about it at once."

"I thank you for the hint," returned Baptiste. "I will finish my work, and then go to my dinner. Take your own method of defence."

The man-at-arms swept his sword to the right, and to the left, and then made a direct and furious thrust, evidently intending to close and finish the play; but his mark was not reached. The point of his antagonist had crept even pace with his own, and when he made the thrust his blade only glided harmlessly under the mercenary's arm.

Baptiste recovered himself quickly, and commenced a new attack—a sweep to the right—to the left—then back to the right—a feint at the neck—with a final push at the breast; and yet his point only cleared the open air. He recovered himself, and stepped back.

"Your old hermit must be a marvellous teacher," he said.

He has been a kind and attentive one, at all events," replied Conrad.

"If I ever see him again, I'll tell him how well he has spoilt your education—he will pity no more."

The swords crossed again, with a clang that spoke of sharp work. The man-at-arms had found his opponent better than he had expected, and he considered not to expend more time in idle feeling. It was now for a test of strength—a stop backward—a step forward—a feint—a lunge—and yet the young guard was not touched. Now Baptiste shut his teeth, and commenced a new movement. Presently he caught Conrad's blade with a twisting movement of his own, as though he would wrench it from its owner's grasp; but such was not his intention, as the youth could detect by his eye. The aim of this was, to cause Conrad to clinch his hilt so securely as to paralyze, for the instant, the nerves of the wrist; and, during that instant, to slip his blade away and push it home into the body of his antagonist. The accomplishment was perfect, but Conrad thoroughly trained in all those movements, and when he felt the sword of his adversary thus wielding about his own, he simply turned backward without breaking his guard; and at the same instant Baptiste, from the impetus already given, took a step forward. As he did so Conrad struck a smart blow upon the upper guard, causing him to clutch his hilt for fear of losing it. The man-at-arms felt his error, and tried to keep from it, but he was not quick enough. Ere he could disengage his sword from the circle of his opponent's hilt point was thrown vigorously aside, and on the next moment the blade of the dishonored guide had found his hert.

Conrad stepped back, and rested his rocking point upon the greensward.

"I am a dead man!" gasped Baptiste, sinking to the earth, with both hands pressed upon his gushing bosom.

"It is your own work," answered Conrad.

"O—you lied to me! I say the lord never meant to—"

His speech failed him, and he fell back dead; and very quickly afterwards Gollath reached the spot, and leaped from his saddle.

"Ding! What have you done?" cried the giant, drawing his sword.

"You see what I have done," replied Conrad, drawing back a pace.

"Ay,—you have, by some foul chance of trick, cast Baptiste to the land of spirits; and I'll send those right quickly to join him."

Gollath's tongue had been brave, but his strength could not make a severance. The power of the giant's arm was a necessity; but it needed to be coupled with elasticity of muscle; quickness and readiness of nerve; delicacy of touch; lightness of limb; instantaneous perception of sight; and perfect coolness of head. Even the different members need to be trained at the time, and, either by nature or art, the eye must first behold it can see, and the fingers must "see and think." All these things our hero understood; and his passage with Baptiste had served to secure him that which he had forgotten the lessons of his tutor. He had found his late antagonist an expert swordsman, and yet he had not been called upon to exert his utmost skill. Two of the most subtle attacks which Francisco had taught him he had not used at all.

Gollath did not wish for extended preliminaries. His name as an avenger, and at once set about the work. He swung his heavy sword about in a circle, and then aimed a slashing blow at the youth's neck. Conrad simply leaped aside from the stroke, and as he did so he wounded Gollath in the left arm.

"Blood!" cried the giant, his eyes flashing fiery, "you are venomous."

He would have spoken further, but at that moment he found his sword in a perplexing situation. His youthful adversary had caught it by a twisting look, and he was forced to lower his hand to keep the grasp of his hilt.

"I have you now!" he muttered. His eye had caught the position of the two blades—each point under the other's guard—and he knew that, if he was quick enough, the strongest will would win the chance. As he spoke he lowered his elbow, and sought to raise his hand; but, to his astonishment, he found that he could not do it. His sword was held as though by a vice, and now he sought to do what he might have done before—to withdraw his blade; but he had lost too much time. The discovery that the youth's wrist was stronger than his own seemed for the moment to paralyze him, and before he could so far recover himself as to withdraw or to draw back his arm, his weapon was borne down till his wrist fairly rested. Conrad saw the painful clinching of those huge fingers, and he knew that the hand must be weak. With a quick movement he disengaged his sword, raised the point to the giant's heart, and lunged forward with all his might.

Gollath saw the fatal blow come upon him as a fairy aimed, and he tried to ward it off with his left hand; but his fate was sealed, and his huge carcass soon lay close by that of his fallen companion.

Adolphe saw his leader fall; and his sword, which had been half drawn from its scabbard, was pushed back again. His first thought had apparently been of assisting Gollath; but he hesitated above to attack the man who had displayed such wonderful prowess; so he remained by the side of the lady whom he had been set to guard, leaving it for the guide to approach him when he thought proper; and he did not have long to wait.

"Now, Master Adolphe," cried Conrad, coming towards him, with his sword still drawn, "what demand have you to make?"

Adolphe hesitated. He surveyed the young mountaineer from head to foot; he saw the reeking blade still held with a firm, confident grasp; and he saw the flashing of an eye whose light was like a sunbeam. At length he replied:

"It is for you to demand of me. You have overcome the two men who were my superiors, and I shall not contend against you. You have deceived us well."

"How have I deceived you?"

"You professed that you knew nothing of the sword."

"Nay, sir. I professed no such thing. What I told you was the truth. I said that I had only used the sword in play with Baptiste; and that was the fact. Not knowing you to be an old soldier, and that he was one of the best swordsmen in Brittany, I was not prepared to take advantage of him."

"Enough, sir," said Adolphe, with a slight bow. "I have a most serious charge to lay upon thy hands, and I see no way but to accept and accept to make me a tool for the consummation of a most foul conspiracy. You professed to be a poor pilgrim, seeking a passage to the monastery of St. George; whereas you were a soldier and an adventurer, engaged in a cruel work."

"Have you made that out?" asked Adolphe, trembling.

"I and the lady by your side. She can tell you. Aye—and she shall tell you. And now I make my first demand. The lady shall choose with which of us she will go. If she chooses to go with you, I will depart in peace and leave you with your charge. If she prefers to go with me she shall do so. What say you?"

The man-at-arms seemed at loss for a reply for the moment. He left to the guide, and then from the guide to the lady.

"Dare ye, master Adolphe," said the youth, taking a step forward and raising the point of his sword from the ground, "if you mean to offer resistance, let me know it quickly. Come down from your horse. Down, I say!"

The soldier dropped from his saddle, remarking as he did so:

"I am not thinking of resistance; I am thinking how I shall answer my master if I freely surrender my charge up the lady."

"You need not give her up voluntarily. Let her make her own decision. If she decides to go with you, you will not give her up at all. If she decides that she will go with me, I will maintain her decision with my sword."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Adolphe, the man-at-arms; "I have no desire to put you to that trouble. And, as far as the lady is concerned, I can already imagine what her answer will be."

"Let us have her answer at once," said Conrad. He advanced to her side as he spoke, and then he asked her the question; but she anticipated him. She glided from her saddle, and sank upon the leaves below him.

"O, noble sir, take me to thy protection and save me from the fate of this soldier! Do it, and Heaven will bless thee!"

The veil had floated away from her face, and her features were exposed. Conrad felt for the moment entranced. He had never even dreamed of such beauty as she then beheld. She was not more than eighteen years of age; of slight, graceful form, and possessing every charm necessary to a picture of angelic loveliness.

"By Saint Michael!" muttered Adolphe, as he beheld the two regarding each other; "here is a pretty piece of mischief. If our young mountaineer thinks the damsel is beautiful, what must she think of him? By my faith she hath never beheld so fair a youth before. If this does not prove to be the commencement of trouble, then I will never prophesy again."

The man-at-arms, Conrad extended his hand to the maiden and lifted her to her feet.

"Fear not, lady," he said, "and you may command me. Whithersoever thou wishest to go, I will conduct thee."

"Take me to my home, brave, noble sir. O, conduct me to the castle of my father's arms, and all blessing shall be thine."

Adolphe, still the youth, turning to the man-at-arms, "you have heard the lady's decision. Will you yield?"

The fellow had been busy with his own thoughts, and when he was thus addressed, he started and gazed into the face of his interlocutor without speaking.

"Answer me," continued Conrad. "Will you dare to interpose against the wishes of the lady?"

Adolphe laid his finger upon Conrad's arm, and drew him a few steps away, where his low tones could not reach the ear of the maiden.

"Young sir," he said, with seeming honesty, "let me speak to you soberly and earnestly. I have no disposition to fight with you. I am simply a servant in the employ of another. I am no enemy of yours. Will you give me a word of explanation?"

"Ha," cried Conrad. "Has the King ——"

"Not the king," interrupted Adolphe.

"And who is more powerful than the king?"

"The prince is more powerful. The king is old and broken; while the prince is in the full flush of youth and vigor. The prince is really ruler in Brittany."

"I have heard that Theobald was growing weak; but I thought him still king of Brittany."

"So he is, in name; but prince Bertrand wields the power, nevertheless."

"Well—and suppose all this is so—what then?"

"For your own safety," said Adolphe, "I will tell you that which, perhaps, I ought not to tell. We have men-at-arms even sent by the prince to conduct this lady to the Castle of Saint Cyr. Bertrand will not be likely to look very favorably upon the man who thwarts him. His cruelty is fatal, sir."

"What more have you to say?" asked Conrad.

"I have said all, sir. If you pursue the course you have decided to adopt, you will bring down upon yourself the severe vengeance of the prince."

"I thank you for the information you have given me, Master Adolphe; but I cannot allow it to alter my determination. I shall take the lady under my charge, and conduct her to her home."

"Do you dream where her home is?"

"I have not the least idea."

"Has she told you her name?"

"No."

"Then you know not with whom you have to deal. Allow me to inform you, Sir Mountaineer, that you are making yourself up in a dangerous matter. The lady is the daughter of Conland, Duke of Sennes; and perhaps you are aware that he stands next in power to the prince."

"So much the more need is there that the lady should be placed under my protection."

"But what if he were a party to this removal of the lady?"

"Then he is a most unnatural father; and I will oppose the course of his daughter against his tyranny."

Adolphe shrugged his shoulders.

"Go your way, sir. And, in the meantime, I hope you will allow me to go mine."

"You are at liberty to go where you please," replied Conrad, "if you will first give me a little attention to the remains of my fallen companions. We cannot very well dig graves for them; but if you will assist me to lift the bodies to the backs of their horses, I will carry them to the old castle, where I may find vaults in which they can be properly deposited."

Conrad saw nothing objectionable in this arrangement, so he went and helped the man-at-arms as he had requested. It was a difficult matter to lift the body of the giant; but the feat was accomplished at last, and then the two crowned beneath upon the backs of the horses, Adolphe mounted his own steed, and set out for the castle upon his ghostly errand.

The lady of Sennes grieved, Conrad returned to the lady. The look of terror had gone from her face, and the youth felt his heart bound with new and strange emotion as he now gazed upon her. She was very beautiful; and there was a softness and depth in the tone of her loveliness that appealed directly to the soul. There was no haughtiness in her manner, no sharpness in the angles of her face; but all was pure and good; and the music of her voice sweetly harmonized with the soft, mild light of her eye, and the entrancing smile of her lip.

"Dear lady," said our hero, "I am told that you are the daughter of the Duke of Sennes."

"Yes, sir; and my name is Rosaline," she replied, with confiding frankness. "And," she added the sword in play with Baptiste; and added, with a faint blush, "I am sure you will not be offended with me for asking your name."

"My name is Conrad, and I am a native of the mountains of Brittany."

"Conrad!" she repeated, musingly. "Conrad! I have heard that name before. Is it not the name of the most powerful nobleman in the kingdom?"

"Ha," cried Conrad. "Has the King ——"

"Not the king," interrupted Adolphe.

"And who is more powerful than the king?"

"The prince is more powerful. The king is old and broken; while the prince is in the full flush of youth and vigor. The prince is really ruler in Brittany."

"I have heard that Theobald was growing weak; but I thought him still king of Brittany."

"So he is, in name; but prince Bertrand wields the power, nevertheless."

"Well—and suppose all this is so—what then?"

"For your own safety," said Adolphe, "I will tell you that which, perhaps, I ought not to tell. We have men-at-arms even sent by the prince to conduct this lady to the Castle of Saint Cyr. Bertrand will not be likely to look very favorably upon the man who thwarts him. His cruelty is fatal, sir."

"What more have you to say?" asked Conrad.

"I have said all, sir. If you pursue the course you have decided to adopt, you will bring down upon yourself the severe vengeance of the prince."

"I thank you for the information you have given me, Master Adolphe; but I cannot allow it to alter my determination. I shall take the lady under my charge, and conduct her to her home."

"Do you dream where her home is?"

"I have not the least idea."

"Has she told you her name?"

"No."

"Then you know not with whom you have to deal. Allow me to inform you, Sir Mountaineer, that you are making yourself up in a dangerous matter. The lady is the daughter of Conland, Duke of Sennes; and perhaps you are aware that he stands next in power to the prince."

"So much the more need is there that the lady should be placed under my protection."

"But what if he were a party to this removal of the lady?"

"Then he is a most unnatural father; and I will oppose the course of his daughter against his tyranny."

Adolphe shrugged his shoulders.

"Go your way, sir. And, in the meantime, I hope you will allow me to go mine."

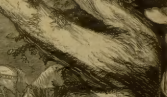
"You are at liberty to go where you please," replied Conrad, "if you will first give me a little attention to the remains of my fallen companions. We cannot very well dig graves for them; but if you will assist me to lift the bodies to the backs of their horses, I will carry them to the old castle, where I may find vaults in which they can be properly deposited."

Conrad saw nothing objectionable in this arrangement, so he went and helped the man-at-arms as he had requested. It was a difficult matter to lift the body of the giant; but the feat was accomplished at last, and then the two crowned beneath upon the backs of the horses, Adolphe mounted his own steed, and set out for the castle upon his ghostly errand.

The lady of Sennes grieved, Conrad returned to the lady. The look of terror had gone from her face, and the youth felt his heart bound with new and strange emotion as he now gazed upon her. She was very beautiful; and there was a softness and depth in the tone of her loveliness that appealed directly to the soul. There was no haughtiness in her manner, no sharpness in the angles of her face; but all was pure and good; and the music of her voice sweetly harmonized with the soft, mild light of her eye, and the entrancing smile of her lip.

"Dear lady," said our hero, "I am told that you are the daughter of the Duke of Sennes."

"Yes, sir; and my name is Rosaline," she replied, with confiding frankness. "And," she added



THE RESCUED AND THE SLAIN.

into his pocket, and taking out a silver crown; "I shall have the pleasure of returning alone. Here, my good man, take this for your trouble."

The peasant took the crown with sparkling eyes.

"Did the stranger seem to be in much of a hurry?" asked our hero, carelessly.

"O, yes, sir. He wanted my brothers to ride with all their might. It seemed as though his life depended upon his speed."

Conrad thanked the peasant once more, and then allowed him to depart.

"Lady," he said, after a little reflection, "would you prefer to go to Vannes, where you left your father, or to your home in Rennes?"

"Why do you ask, sir? You have heard something from that peasant. There is some new danger."

"No, lady. Danger ceases to be danger w[...]
we can avoid it. But I will tell you what [...]
learned from the peasant. Master Ado[...]
found new guides, and has set off for t[...]
with all possible speed. As he is in[...]
of the prince, he will com[...]
where he can find them; [...]
[...]es not fail him, it [...]
[...]ch Vannes[...]

[...]and where my youthful mind [...]
the old hermit who has been my [...]
[...]sco is the hermit's name; and [...]
with my father. He has taught [...]
trust that I have not been an idle [...]
My lessons have been such as my good [...]
[...]er could safely expound, and to him I owe more than I can ever repay. He taught me Spanish; and my knowledge of that language served me in learning the intentions of our enemies."

"But you have served in the army, sir?"

"No."

"You have had much experience with the sword?"

"Only what I have had in exercise with old Francisco. Until this day I never drew my sword in mortal combat."

"It is wonderful."

"Not very," said Conrad, with a smile. "Francisco is a most accomplished swordsman; and I have been a most eager pupil. And then you must remember that I had all the advantage of incitement. I had something of Right upon my side—something of sacred, holy duty. You were to me the embodiment of a great principle; and I am proud that my first battle had so noble a cause."

The lady Rosaline gazed up into Conrad's face, and the language of her look was grateful and tender. A close observer—one skilled in reading the signs of the human face—could easily have divined the feeling that moved the soul of the maiden. The romance of the youth's mountain-life—his orphanage—his strange tutor—his free and simple manners—all had a charm for her, a charm far deeper than could have been given by a story of noble birth and grand family advantages. With true womanly instinct, she prized the daring qualities of the hero because their first effort had been made in her behalf. And, further than this, it might have been seen that the youth's calm, fresh beauty made a deep impression upon her. She could not hide the signs that told the story of opening love. Her heart bounded and fluttered with its own impulses; and all she could do was, to dwell in the light of those tenderly-beaming eyes, and listen to the deep music of the manly voice.

There is a language not written, and there are words not spoken. There is a sense more subtle than sight; and a conviction more sure than speech. There is a language of sympathy; a mystic bond between two congenial souls; an electric flow of sense and perception from spirit to spirit; whispering of love and faith, which the ears do not hear, and which the eyes do not read. It is a sense which reveals to us that the spirit is not always dependent upon the body for its sources of information—a sense catching its perceptions from the Spirit itself, and communicating with a kindred spirit without the use of outward sign.

Strange feelings came upon Conrad's heart.

An echo was in the heart of Rosaline.

Their hands met, and the thrill was electric. From soul to soul—from heart to heart. What was the language? not of earth, but of heaven.

Conrad was the strongest, and he was the first to break from the ecstatic trance.

"Our horses have rested enough," he said. "We had better be on our way."

Rosaline started as though she had awakened from a dream. She had meant to speak some words of gratitude in answer to her companion's remark touching the battle; but her tongue was slow, and the words were not spoken. She allowed her companion to assist her again to her saddle, and they were soon speeding along through the dark wood.

In half an hour they struck the right bank of a branch of the river Ille, and from this point the road to Rennes was plain and direct, following a smooth valley the whole distance. But as the road became better the darkness of night came on, and the maiden rode closer to her guide and held her rein more tightly.

"How far is it now to Rennes?" she asked.

"Not more than eight leagues. At an easy pace we can accomplish the distance in four hours; and that will bring us to the end of our journey very shortly after midnight. If your horse can stand the trial we shall be all right."

"My horse has a light load," replied Rosaline; "and, moreover, he is strong and enduring. But I am not in such a hurry as to put the poor beast to any unwonted exertion. I do not think there can be any danger on the road."

"Not at present," said Conrad. He reflected a moment, and then added: "As far as my own comfort is concerned, I could ride by your side across the continent without tiring; but it is not [im]possible that Master Adolphe may find some [...]
[...] on the road and think of turning his atten[...]
[...]o you."
[...]t he has gone to Vannes."
[...] started for Vannes; but something may
[...]ange his course. Have you any idea
[...]e intended to follow you directly to
[...] did."
[...] not impossible that he may be on
[...] not impossible that he may
[...]h should be the case, they
[...]prehend that you had gone
[...] with apprehension.
[...]o alarm you, dear lady; for
[...]ion. I am well acquainted
[...] wind about among these
[...] way can Adolphe overtake
[...]t should happen that he had
[...]rse laid down by the peasant
I have thought that he might
[...] a thing."
[...]hould he do so?" inquired Rosa-
[...]d not hope to overcome you."
[...] but he may wish to meet the
[...]llowed us by the same
[...]t Cyr, he would strike
[...]n not more than two
[...] Bertrand had planned
[...] Adolphe, knowing
[...]ted off on the north-
[...]at least, to escape
[...]rt on our return,
[...] to follow, especially
[...] master on the way.
[...] occasion for fear;
[...]e had better keep
[...]red the maiden. "We
[...]ow under our feet."
[...]pon the bank of the river,
[...]ime the bosom of the mur-
[...]n sight, reflecting, in dim
[...]nes, the bright stars that
the cloudless sky. Conrad
[...]ay; and yet, as the new feel-
[...]nd stronger within him,
[...]ore precious in his sight,
[...]y began to take form
[...]ought more upon the
[...]rsation, the idea that
[...]rince in the wood and
[...]ard Rennes, became
[...]. He reasoned thus
[...]seen upon the road
[...]nor would he allow
[...] of Saint Cyr without
[...]hen he knew that
[...] upon her, and were
[...]rontier, he fol-
[...]
this very night. By my li[fe] the prince would not be long in seeking so lovely a prize!"

These thoughts caused him to put his horse into a faster pace, and for half an hour, over a level road, he rode on at a gallop. By and by they reached a point where the path turned away from the stream, winding up over a steep hill, and as the horses walked slowly up, side by side, Rosaline called her companion's attention to the scene. It was wild and romantic, and even Conrad forgot, for the while, the thoughts that had been busy within him. From the brow of the precipice they gazed down into the gloomy depth, where, far below them, made visible by the flashing reflection of the starbeams, rolled the narrow river, like some golden-scaled serpent, of huge proportions, winding its way through a sea of ink.

"O," murmured the maiden, "I should like to live among the mountains, as you do. I should like it better than the turmoil of the life that those lead who dwell in courts. Even in the darkest hours there is a calmness of grandeur that leads the soul up to Heaven, and fixes the mind upon holy thoughts. And then in the bright sunlight what joy and rapture to be free and happy, bound by no stern rules of fashion, and subject only to the laws of God and nature. How I would sing with the birds, and skip with the playful lambs. Would you wish to exchange your mountain home for a haunt in the city?"

"Not unless some duty called me," replied Conrad, hardly knowing what he spoke. "It has been said," he added, in a slightly tremulous tone, "that home is where the heart is; and where love aboundeth, there may the true heart be content. I have been very happy in my forest retreat during the years that are passed; but who shall say that that happiness can continue. The human heart is a wayward thing. My heart may fix its deepest, strongest love upon something that does not belong to the forest; and then my happiness among the mountains would be gone, for hope would be ever pointing another way."

"A stout heart may win the object of its love," said Rosaline, in a low tone.

"Not if that object be entirely beyond its reach," returned the youth, regretfully. "The child may fall in love with the evening star, but the bright object will always have to be loved at a distance."

"But," pursued the maiden, in a stronger tone, "the man of sense and judgment will not fall in love with that which is not possessed of a soul like his own. Love is not fixed to station or power. True love is like the blessed sunlight. It warms alike the hearts of the high and the low."

Conrad pressed his hand upon his bosom, and bowed his head. O, if he could have spoken all he felt, he could have told Rosaline of Rennes of one prize that would have made his forest home a paradise forever. But he dared not speak. And yet he dared to gaze upon the lovely being by his side, and feast his soul upon the newly born love.

At the foot of the hill they once more struck the river's bank, and the horses were put again into a gallop.

"How far now to Rennes?" asked Rosaline.

"A good six leagues. We have been only an hour on the road since there were eight leagues before us."

"We shall reach the castle by midnight."

"If no accident happens."

And Rosaline repeated, as an echo:

"*If no accident happens.*"

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACCIDENT, AND ITS RESULT.

A low, boggy place, where a sluggish brook emptied into the river, over which was a bridge of logs, old, rotten, and moss-covered. The light jennet, [with] the lady upon its back, trotted smoothly [over]; but the heavier beast of Conrad's stopped, [wit]h a loud snort, and tried to avoid the dire[ct w]ay.

"Over—over, my pet," cried the youth, patting the animal upon the neck. "It is but a bridge;—the footing is good. Come—over we go."

The horse snorted, and snuffed, and still refused to go. Conrad coaxed and patted; but to no avail.

"This will [nev]er do," he said, clenching the rein with a firm hand, and driving the spurs deep into the flanks of the refractory beast. "You must go over. Now—up! up!"

The will of the master, thus made manifest, was all powerful, and the horse started forward. A few steps were taken—a slip—a plunge—and down through the rotten fabric went a fore-foot. Before Conrad could dismount the horse had struggled to [ex]tricate himself, and the result was, that the log gave way, pitching him forward, and throwing the rider out from the saddle. Our hero picked himself quickly up, without having received a bruise worth noticing, and hastened to the assistance of his horse; but he was too late.

"Is the poor animal badly hurt?" asked Rosaline.

"I fear so, lady."

"Can I help you? If I can, let me know it, for I am not afraid of work, even though there be danger in it."

"Remain in your saddle, dear lady. You cannot help me here. Look the other way. Turn your eyes."—

"What have you done, Conrad?"

"I have done a work of mercy, lady Rosaline."

"But your sword is out. What is it?"

"Be not alarmed. It is a sad event, but it cannot be helped. O, a better blood now warms my blade than [that] from the veins of Goliath and Baptiste. I found both the forward legs of the noble beast broken, and with my own hand have I delivered him from his suffering."

At first Rosaline thought more of the melancholy accident to the horse than of the result to herself and companion; but when Conrad had joined her, and started up on foot by the side of her jennet, she remembered that the accident had a wider re[ach].

"Heavens!" she cried, "must you walk?"

"For the present I must; but I will walk fast. Our journey will not be so quickly performed as we had hoped; but if you reach your home in safety, we will not complain."

"But, good Conrad, can you not ride with me? I think my horse is——"

"Hush, lady. Your horse has work enough already. I am used to walking, and we will make better way than you think for."

"You may [find] a horse on the road," suggested Rosaline.

"Not until we reach Saint Mary; and that is four leagues distant. But do not let the mishap trouble you. I will walk by your side, and should any good fortune turn up for us, we will be ready to seize it."

If this mode of proceeding had its disadvantage, it also had its advantage, for the travellers could now converse without difficulty. Rosaline had studied much; and it so happened that the course which she had pursued under the guidance of her various tutors, was, in many points, like that which Conrad had pursued. Her mind was clear and comprehensive; her perceptions keen and her judgment good; and as the conversation turned upon themes familiar to both, the discussion became animated and in[...] of art, of war, of the rise and fall of [na]tions, and of the language of Spain and England and Germany; and it was evident, as they proceeded, that Rosaline was surprised at the display of knowledge which marked her companion's speech. She listened to him attentively, and was, ere long, seeking information from him upon topics which her tutors had never explained.

Thus passed an hour, and Conrad was upon the point of asking some question touching the affairs of the royal court of Brittany, when his attention was arrested by a sudden movement of Rosaline's horse. The animal pricked up its ears, gave a quick, startled snuff, and seemed quite uneasy.

"He may see something in the wood," said Rosaline.

There were woods upon the left hand, while the river ran upon the right.

"He does not act as though he saw anything unusual," replied Conrad. "He either hears or smells something. Suppose we stop a moment and listen."

Rosaline drew in the rein, and Conrad bent his ear to the ground.

"I hear nothing," he said, after listening for a while. "It must have been some strange scent that touched the animal's sense. We will move on again."

In a little while the wood was left behind, and the path lay along at the foot of a high bluff that flanked the river on that side. The road was wide enough, and plain, for the stream was now low, and the banks were broad, and had a gradual, easy slope.

"We were speaking," said Conrad, "of the court of Theobald. I have heard much of the old king, and I think I like him. I think he is a good man."

"He is a good man," returned Rosaline, emphatically; "but he has been a most unfortunate man; and he is now a most unhappy man. The prince, his son, shows no love for him, and brings him often to grief."

"You speak of Bertrand?"

"Certainly. He is the only child the king ever had."

"He must be a monster!" said Conrad, smiting his hip with his clenched hand. "If he hath no love for his kind old father, he is most unnatural; and his treatment of thee proves him to be basely wicked. Alas! what must be the fate of Brittany when he ascends the throne, and takes the sceptre?"

"I dread to think," returned Rosaline, shuddering. "His first acts may be of vengeance!"

"Not upon thee, sweet lady! Not upon thee, if I have an arm to give thee succor."

"Ah," murmured the maiden, "when that time comes a home in the deep forest——"

Her speech was cut short by the movement of her horse, the old signs of uneasiness being repeated; and this time the snuffing was louder and more startling.

"I think my poor horse misses his mate," said Rosaline.

"It may be that; it may be something more," returned Conrad. "Stop a moment."

Again the lady drew in her rein; and once more the youth bent his ear to the ground. He listened a few moments and then started up.

"We are——"

"What?"

Conrad had commenced to speak in a tone of excitement, but he calmed himself, and added:

"I think some one is on the road behind us."

"What is it?"

"I hear the tramp of horses in full speed."

"Do you think we can be followed?"

Conrad was looking eagerly around, and seemed not to notice the question.

"Do not fear to tell me the truth, sir. O, I had rather know the worst at once, for then I may be preparing for the result."

"I did not hesitate because I feared to answer you, my lady; but I was looking to see if there was any place where we might turn away from the road."

"Then you think we may be pursued by our enemies?"

"The thing is possible, certainly. Master Adolphe may have turned about, and met the prince; and if they have come together, and have concluded to follow us, they would be very likely to hit upon the road to Rennes."

"Mercy!" gasped Rosaline.

"Keep up your heart, lady. All is not yet lost. In the first place, it may not be the prince, at all. Let us not fear too much. If I could find a cover, I would draw aside, and allow the approaching horsemen to pass; but I see no such opportunity here. Let us move on."

As we have before said, the road at this place lay between the river and a high bluff, and there was no possible way of turning out unless they crossed the stream. The face of the bluff was almost perpendicular, as though the water had cut its way through a long, high hill. Conrad turned to the river. It was dark and deep, and its current was swift.

"Can we not cross?" asked Rosaline.

"Not here," replied her companion. "The river has grown deeper, and the force of the tide is too strong."

They hurried on, but the prospect of escape did not brighten. The bluff upon the left seemed to grow higher and more frowning, while the river upon the right rushed on with increasing fury. The clatter of the coming horses could now be plainly heard, and it was evident that they were not a great way off. Conrad gazed around once more; but he could see no way of avoiding the pursuers. Had he been alone, with a powerful horse, he might have tried the stream; but he dared not venture the light-limbed jennet, with its precious burden, in such an ordeal.

Nearer and nearer came the pursuers, and finally the youth laid his hand upon the lady's rein.

"We had better stop here," he said. "We cannot avoid them."

"And what will you do?" asked Rosaline.

"I will remain between you and them, and ascertain what they want. They may not be enemies."

"But—if it should be the prince."

"Then I will ask him what he seeks."

"O! you will not oppose Prince Bertrand. It would be madness! It would be fatal! You must not expose yourself to certain death!"

"Dear lady, be under no apprehensions on my account. Leave all to me, and trust me for the result. If it be the prince, and he forces you from my protection, you will at least believe that I did all I could for you."

"Yes—yes; but do not run into new danger. If it be my fate——"

"Hush, lady. They are close at hand. Leave all to me. Do you remain where you are, and hope for the best."

Conrad strode back over the road, and at a short distance he met an advancing horseman.

"Hold!" he cried, in a tone that at once brought the horse to a standstill, nearly throwing his rider over his head. "Who comes here?"

The man whom Conrad had hailed did not answer; but another quickly rode up, who proved to be Master Adolphe.

"By Saint Michael!" cried the latter, catching a glimpse of the interloper by the dim starlight, "it is our mountaineer."

"What is all this?" asked a third horseman, riding up, and stopping by the side of Adolphe.

"We are ordered to halt, my lord."

"Halt? By whom?"

"By no less a personage than our mountain guide."

"What! Is it the Conrad you told me of?"

"The same, my lord."

"Ha! then the lady Rosaline cannot be far away."

"I think I see her now, your highness. If I mistake not, she sits yonder, upon her horse."

"Then, by the gods! she is safe! What, ho, meddler! Who are you?"

Conrad's sight was keen, and his eyes had become so used to the gloom that he could see quite distinctly. He could see plainly enough to tell that there were four men before him, all well mounted and well armed. One of them was, he felt sure, Prince Bertrand; one was his old travelling companion, Adolphe; and the others were evidently servants, who had accompanied the prince from Vannes. He could see that the prince was tall and broad-shouldered, though not of good shape. His neck was too short, and his shoulders too round; and our hero had little difficulty in imagining, from this ill-formed outline, that his face was harsh and unpleasant.

"Why don't you speak? Who are you?"

"I am an honest traveller on honest business," replied Conrad. "Who are you?"

"By the Shades of Pluto! I'll let you know who I am if you don't quickly take yourself out of my way!"

"Easy, sir. I have the road and you will answer me before you pass."

"What, ho! Here—Adolphe—Poins—Tithon. Sweep that dog from my path!"

The three men thus addressed drew their swords and pressed their horses forward.

"Hold!" exclaimed Conrad, in a tone of such authority that the horses stopped. "Do not rush into needless trouble. If you wish to pass quietly on your way, I shall not interfere."

"Answer me," cried the prince, raising himself in his stirrups: "Is not that the lady Rosaline yonder?"

"That lady, sir, is under my protection."

"It is the lady," spoke Master Adolphe.

"Then seize upon her, and let her protection devolve upon me."

Adolphe again started forward; but Conrad caught his rein and stopped his horse. The man-at-arms, with an oath, raised his sword, intending, no doubt, to cleave the skull of the venturesome mountaineer.

Conrad thought very quickly. Instinctive reason told him that the trial had come, and that if he would defend the maiden he must overcome obstacles as they arose. His first decisive movement was a rapid and effective one. He held the horse by the left hand, standing by the animal's near fore foot, his right hand grasping the hilt of his drawn sword. When he saw Adolphe raise his weapon to strike, he simply drew back his right arm, and in an instant more he had driven his keen blade upward through the fellow's bosom.

"Down with him!" cried Bertrand. "Strike him down!"

"Holy Mother! I am a dead man!" gasped the unfortunate man-at-arms.

Poins and Tithon hurried forward just in season to see Adolphe tumble from his horse. Conrad saw them coming, and with a quick movement he gave the foremost horse a prick that made him rear upright into the air, throwing his rider backward upon the ground. The second horseman was crowding up, and before he could really determine what had happened his horse had leaped upon one side, away from the approach of the mountaineer, bringing both his iron-clad forward feet down upon the prostrate form of the unhorsed rider. Thus was a second man disabled without the need of a sword-thrust.

"Poins! Poins!" shouted the prince.

"'Fore God!" exclaimed the other, "Poins is under my horse's feet! What ho! Hallo! Poins—are you hurt?"

But Poins did not answer; and the other, who must have been Tithon, sprang from his saddle, and bent over the form of his prostrate companion.

"Poins—Poins—are you badly hurt?"

The man groaned, but made no other answer.

"Mercy! The blood is running from his head; and I fear his skull is broken!"

"Never mind," said the prince, leaping from his saddle as he spoke; "let him be, and come with me."

Bertrand strode forward until he came close upon our hero, when he stopped.

"How now, thou snarling, snapping dog! Do you know whom you have met?"

"I should judge that I had met enemies," replied the youth, without show of trepidation.

The prince gnashed his teeth, and lifted the point of his sword; but he restrained himself a little longer.

"Know, then," he hoarsely cried, "that I am BERTRAND, *Prince of Brittany!*"

Conrad had been reared amid mountain solitudes; and his adorations had only been given to the God of Heaven. The sound of earthly title did not strike upon his ear with much of awe-inspiring power; and the name which had just been so imposingly pronounced did not startle him at all. The name of Bertrand, Prince of Brittany, only called to his mind a cruel, unnatural child, and a heartless, wicked debauchee. He simply grasped his sword more firmly, and waited to hear what further the prince would say; but before Bertrand again spoke his ear caught the sound of a low, quivering voice behind him; and upon turning his head, he beheld Rosaline approaching him on foot.

"O! Conrad—expose yourself no more. My fate is sealed. Let me not drag you down with me!"

The youth took one step back, and waved his hand towards the trembling maiden.

"One moment, Rosaline—lady—only one moment. Back to your horse. I must speak with this man."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ALPHABET OF SELF-MADE MEN.

To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skippingly on through the alphabet, we find that Anderson, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school, and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being very frequently on the very brink of starvation. Beranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* in the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, president of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr. Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a book-binder. Millard Fillmore, late president of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprentice to a wool-carder. The present emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-pones. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great ship-owner, left his home with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minie, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a cabin boy, and a shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and down-hearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between the high and the low.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Do you really need the article? It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without? Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagancies, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step towards learning this lesson is, to think before you spend.

FLOWERS.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, while the Indian child of the far west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

BY HETTIE LYNN.

Here am I at the office—umbrella at home
And dinner-time coming!—What's to be done?

I'll live in a Mansion, I do believe,
And give up the sun altogether.

The stairs are tall, and so are the cars,
And they're all full to take waiting;
Why, myself at the very outset appears
To "think you take an umbrella this morning?"

Now if I go home, all besieged and wet,
Mrs. Bear will insist, (maybe say so),
"I told you to take it this morning, you know."
I'll get mad if she does—and I'll say so!

Who cares for the rain, if it only rains?
Let the tempest rage, I will not shun it.
What a noble umbrella, so large an my own!
That lady holds over her bonnet.

'Tis a fine shelter that, but the little shred hand
Can scarce grasp the handle.

I wonder
If she wouldn't like me to hold it awhile,
And then I could keep at least dryish?

If one only dare—but I don't. There's the rain
Running down, just within my coat collar!
It is hiding the color all out of my tie,
That I yesterday bought for a dollar.

What a sweet, tiny head—and oh! what a foot!
Well gloved, elastic and stylish!
And so very small I am sure she must need
An arm—just to keep her from falling.

How would it appear if I stepped to her side,
And, thing my very long umbrella,
I should speak of the kind that is surely too small
For its fashion—and ask to relieve her?

And then she would look like a sweet, startled fawn,
Say, "Sir, sir," and "I'm not acquainted,"
If fiery shield happen to lose of it all,
I'll declare it was caused by the weather.

What if fancy should be in that stage going by?
She would cause me without any trouble!
But I know she is not on account of the rain,
And that there are two hard by a polonge.

Ahem! Will you pardon me?

"Allow me?"—I take the umbrella,
"I told you to take it this morning, you know,"
Said fancy.

Just play a follow.

THE HUSBAND'S STRATAGEM.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The sunset had faded into gray, uncertain dusk. It was decidedly too dark to read—yet it was too late to call out the tedious, prim old lights that were imprisoned in the gilded tubes of the chandeliers. And as it happened, the parlor room was put to darkness, save for the twilight that struggled in through the heavy crimson folds of sweet-lights, silk, and the ruddy, fitful gleams of the soft coal-fire that danced and sparkled in the grate. For it was late in October, and the sunbeams from were descending on the upland, and even city homes looked all the more cozy for a cheerful fire.

"All alone?" and in a brown study, as I live! I hope I haven't interrupted you, Clayton?"

As if hotel little Dr. Colwell ever interrupted anybody! Does the unsolace interrupt the flowers in the garden—does an inflorescent flood interrupt the forested brow on an August morning? We rather think not! And Dr. Colwell was a man decidedly after the order of sunshine and brisk breezes.

"Not at all, doctor—this idle sea-circle?"

"Well, I should say so, if I do—domestic bliss, comfort, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, cushions, and dingling his hat on an opposite table. "And you shall tell me what makes you look so despondent?"

"Did I look despondent?"

"Did you? A pretty question to ask an old fellow who has held you on his knee many a time! As if I didn't know every change of your countenance as completely as if it were a printed book! Something is wrong, Mark, so out with it!"

"Really, sir," said Mark Clayton, laughing, "I was not aware—"

"I wasn't aware—" O, diddlestick, Mark! Perhaps you're not aware that you need a lucky diffarnia now from the cheerful, sunny-hearted fellow you were in the days of your boyhood and early manhood. Time was, Mark, but I assure you it's eminently appropriate now—"

"Thank you, doctor!" said Clayton.

"There now—was that a proper laugh? Not a bit of it—only a hysterical cachination that an honest man ought to be ashamed of. Let me feel your pulse, my boy. Hum-ah—ha—all right then. Now then, if you don't speak out I'll—I'll—"

What Dr. Colwell would have done, in that case, never was made known to the world, for just as the words were leaving his lips, his door opened, and a beautiful young lady swept into the room, bonnet and shawl on, ready for a walk. The old gentleman started up with brisk gallantry.

"Mrs. Clayton—and as rosy as a pink. I needn't ask after your health, madam."

"I am very well, thank you, doctor. Dear me, Mark, how very warm the room is! Why haven't you lighted the gas?"

Mr. Clayton obeyed by instantly illuminating the room. His wife threw herself carelessly into a chair.

"What's this envelope on the table? Tickets for the opera?"

"Yes. I thought you would like to hear the new prima donna."

"Well, I shouldn't then. The opera always makes my head ache. I wish you would have ordered my likes and dislikes rightly!"

"Tess," said Clayton, smiling, "I am almost afraid to present this bracelet I bought this morning in remembrance of the day we were engaged to one another two years since."

"Oh," said Mrs. Clayton, ungraciously. "Turquoise—the very stone of all others that is most unbecoming to me."

"That's a pity, for I have had your initials marked on it, and cannot exchange it, cannot be exchanged."

"I don't want the thing," said the wife, petulantly giving the velvet box a push along the table. "I wish, Mark, you would keep your feet off that fender—of all the disagreeable habits one can get up, that is the worst."

Mr. Clayton answered his feet from their obnoxious position without a word, the old doctor so observing the scene in silence.

"Your handkerchief, dear," said Mark, leaning forward to restore an embroidered cobweb of fine muslin that had slipped from his wife's lap, as Mrs. Clayton took it, she uttered a little impatient sound.

"Mark—you have been smoking!"

"Only one cigar, Nina—and that was two hours ago. I didn't suppose your olfactory nerves were so delicately strung."

"It is true bad, Mark," fretted Nina Clayton, "when you know how I hate a cigar."

"It shall be the last time, pray!" said the husband, caressingly. "Come, sing us some of Dr. Colwell's favorite Scotch ballads before tea."

"I don't feel like singing," said Nina, petulantly.

"Play something, then."

"I suppose it never occurred to you that I might possibly be tired, after my walk!"

"I beg your pardon, dear; I did not think of it."

"Of course not; men are privileged to be selfish. By the way, did you get me that new piece of music?"

"Never once thought of it! But I'll be sure and bring it home to-morrow."

"You needn't," said Nina, applying the cobweb handkerchief to her eyes. "I don't care for it now!"

"Why, Nina, isn't it just as good to-morrow as to-day?"

Mrs. Clayton made no answer, but left the room, sobbing; the door closed with a gentle bang. Mark rose from his seat, with a disturbed countenance, as if to follow her.

"Sit still, Mark," said the doctor, quietly pressing his hand into the chair. "I've discovered the secret of your changed aspect now!"

"I assure you, doctor, she does not mean—"

"Yes, yes—I understand! Sis's simply a spoiled, petulant child, who has unconsciously fallen into the habit of finding fault with everything that occurs. But, Mark—she makes your life miserable."

Clayton's head had fallen upon his hand.

"I can't deny it, doctor—I am miserable; and yet I know that her loves are pretty, in spite of all these little irritabilities. O, doctor, how happy I should be if she was only the Nina of a year ago!"

The doctor had been adjusting and re-adjusting his spectacles, and pocketing the glasses, finally, with great energy, for a minute or so. Suddenly he stopped, and fixed his keen gray eyes on Mark Clayton's face.

"I think I can put you how to work the transformation!"

"Do, doctor."

"Then you must promise to adhere to my commands implicitly, and literally—for half-way obedience—"

"It shall be implicit!"

"Very well," said the doctor.

"What does make you so late this morning, Mark?"

Mrs. Clayton was sitting in front of the steaming coffee-urn, in that same little room, which the fresh sunshine of the October morning, and the high-heaped glow of the fire both strove to outlaven—and not in vain—as her husband brought slowly into the room.

"Late? It's a pretty state of things if a man can't be allowed the proper privilege of sometimes lying asp!"

Mrs. Clayton looked up in blank astonishment. Never before had her husband addressed her in that early tone of voice. Her lip began to took its seat, giving his wife's work-basket an unnecessary push as he did so.

"I wish you would keep your things in their places, Nina," continued the husband, "it is not enough to take the skin off a fellow's throat—I thought you liked it warm," said the abashed wife meekly.

"I thought I liked it warm. If you want me to be candid on the subject, I don't care if I am once! There—don't go to putting milk in and spoiling the whole thing. I thought you knew how for the pips?"

This would not stand it a moment longer, but began to cry, softly, behind the coffee-urn. Mr. Clayton changed color, and then turned his head, as if in another moment, he would have broken his promise to Dr. Colwell, in the most unpardonable manner.

However, Mrs. Nina had recovered her roses and bright eyes by the time her husband returned from his office, that evening. She was in a pleasant mood, was charming, and as gay and lively as could be asinible, and went to the piano, immediately after the meal was over, and sang every song for which he usually petitioned in vain. She had scarcely ceased, when Dr. Colwell entered, and she interrupted her.

"I wish you'd stop drumming on that piano, when my head aches!"

"I did not know your head ached, Mark!"

"You might have known it if you'd taken the trouble to notice!"

Nina's lip quivered. Clayton rose and took his hat.

"Where are you going, Mark?"

"Is it indispensable that I should repeat all my proceedings to you, Mrs. Clayton?"

"No—but where—"

"I'm going to the theatre."

"But, Mark, I thought you were coming to spend the evening—they sent me a note this morning."

"Very well, madam, what of it?"

"Why, will they think that it serves me right?"

"They will probably think that it serves you quite right for not having attended to the matter in consulting your husband. In any event, it is nothing to me that they think."

And he had walked out of the house before Nina had recovered from the shock, and which was her only reply to his wished speech.

To-morrow was a repetition of the day, and Mark's demeanor remained unaltered. Poor Nina was thoroughly frightened. "Was this all the matter? was Mark becoming deranged, or—and a cold shiver came over her, as the words rose at the very idea—was it possible that she was losing her husband's affections?

"I would die, by my own hand, did I believe that!" was her heart-felt response in the next heart. Nina loved Mark Clayton with a love almost amounting to idolatry.

The upshot of Nina's troubled self-communings was, however, that on one morning, about half a week of the above-detailed events, she was sitting in Dr. Colwell's study, closely veiled, and seated in a quiet, pearl-gray dress, as if desirous of avoiding attention as much as possible. To whom could Nina confide her griefs more properly than to her old friend, who had been also her husband from the days of his infancy?

"Mrs. Clayton," said the doctor, interrupted exclamation, on entering the room in which he had been seated some time, "I am pleased to speak with him.

Nina threw aside her veil and burst out crying! The interview was not a long one; and when it was, Nina's face was composed, and her pattern, with a fatherly kiss, her face was radiant, even through her tears.

When Mark Clayton came home to dinner, he found his wife singing at her work.

"I suppose you have not put those buttons on my clothes," said Mark, gruffly.

"No, I haven't, Mr. Mark," said the little lady, gaily looking up, "and I don't intend to do it until you have confessed yourself very sorry for the disordered character you have been acting lately."

"Nina!" Mark spoke with some uncertainty. "Mark!"

And she buried her sunrise cheek on his shoulder.

"Ah, sir, so two dissembling any longer! I've been to Dr. Colwell, and he has told me all, and, indeed, Mark," she added, with a quivering lip, "the lesson is not thrown away. For until my own conduct was mirrored before me in your actions, I never dreamed how very, very disagreeable I was making myself!"

"My dear little wife," said Clayton, fondly smoothing back her disheveled curls, "if you did but know what it has cost me—"

"Not another word!" said Nina, imperatively putting her hand on his mouth, "it has been a bitter lesson, but it has not been lost on me. Let me feel one compact of future happiness with this kiss!"

"Very willingly, sir for as I am concerned, Nina. But do you mind how you use your forgive Dr. Colwell for presenting the latter gift?"

"I'll send for him to-morrow to dine with us," said Nina, fluttering briskly, like an energetic young bird, round the dining-room. "I'll tell him are that I can believe upon like a good little girl!"

And from that moment Dr. Colwell never had a word of fault to find with Mark Clayton's looks. Nay, he was wont to say that Clayton and his pretty wife were the happiest couple in his whole acquaintance.

THE MAN HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In a previous article, entitled the "Boy Hero," we sketched one of the early adventures of Lewis Wetzel and his brother Jacob, and promised the reader some further exploits of the former at a later period of life, which we will now proceed to relate.

Lewis Wetzel, as we thus mentioned, early made himself master of the art of leading his fellow-men, and this, in the very first of his career, the acquirement gave a fatal advantage over the Indians. For, to a man, they looked to him, after seeing his plan discharged, were not prepared to have him lay and his eye upon them, and seeing that they looked to him as an inspired leader.

Thus, in the border wars of this day, Wetzel took an active part, and, in the dangerous capacity of scout and spy, was of immense service to the different military companies of forts and blockhouses. He was always the first ready for the most forlorn and perilous adventure, when both first together and last, the navigation of that river, being quickly down upon the Indians, and never failing to return in with long ears of scalps. He stopped and to come day's end only half or quarter his, intending to exchange salutations and inquire how he was getting on, when he would suddenly point opposite where he stood, he was surprised to hear them lauded by cowley party as "noble fellows," and though often shot at and glanced in almost every battle, he was also so singularly favored as to be unharmed.

One day, while scouting long the banks of the Ohio, he saw a flat-bottomed boat, such as was then used by the early settlers, and on

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

THE CLOSE OF THE HARMONIC AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We have now reached the end of the twenty-sixth week of the present quarter, and the circulation of the paper has been for every one of those twenty-six weeks the largest ever issued from the office of any weekly publication in the world. We are confident that the unprecedented increase of circulation will be continued, as it will be the result of the unprecedented increase of merit in the paper.

WE ANNOUNCE THE ISSUE at the beginning of the year, of the plan for which it is proud, as that if you wish to continue to receive the paper, you must renew your order at least one month before the date of its expiry.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any parties pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

OUR TERMS.

Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5. Four copies, $8, eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others who get up clubs will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent. Any one who sends us $25 for a club of eight copies, and requests it to be sent to a single post office, will be entitled to a copy free. Terms invariably in advance. Subscriptions may commence with any number. Back numbers can be had at any time. When a change of post office is desired by a subscriber, he must give the former post office, which he had a right to receive the paper, as well as the one to which he wishes it changed before. When a change of residence is desired, notice must be given, as it will be considered, as a will pleased, that the ownership of the list has been transferred to a new party.

ROBERT BONNER, Proprietor, 44 Beekman Street, New York.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 8.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

DOMITIAN, NERVA AND TRAJAN.

Domitian, the reputed murderer of his brother Titus, ascended the throne of the Roman empire about the year 81. His character had been already such as to excite contempt. Still he succeeded in preserving the respect of the people for a few years, and the Roman people trembled in view of the tyranny to which they were to be subjected. Malignity and imbecility were conspicuous features in his character. His campaigns against general Agricola, by heroic achievements in Italy, was inspiring fame. Domitian, jealous of the rising greatness, caused him, as is alleged, to be poisoned. Through pretenses of an military ability, and never having achieved anything worthy the field of battle, he was ambitious of enjoying a triumph such as Rome conferred upon her great conquerors. He therefore got up a splendid military parade, and entered the city on foot, followed the footsteps of the theatre. Nay, they were waves of human beings. Thousands of the populace were engaged to cheer him as he rode by in his war chariot. Those who remembered Augustus and Trajan, and had been wrested from the throne, while assisting at his entry, saw him arrayed in purple and gold and silver attire of himself placed in the most conspicuous positions, before which those who passed were compelled to offer religious homage. All who approached him were required to address him by those titles which were appropriate only to the Deity. Every one who was suspected of hostility to him was immediately put to death. All Christians were persecuted with inexorable cruelty. This apostolic John was exiled, with magnified splendor, the vanity which had been heard during the interviews Vitellius and Vespasian. The gilding alone, with which he decorated this gorgeous triumphal car, by one fell estimate, a sum equal to twelve millions of our dollars. With such reckless prodigality did he plunge into debt, that Marcial, one of the most distinguished of the Roman satirists, says of him, in one of his epigrams:

"If he expects half what he at his debts Domitian himself, even though he had made a general auction of Cæsars, would have been unable to pay the amount to the people."

The wicked are generally, if not always, wretched. The malignant tyrant had not a moment of peace. Countless plots were formed millions who hated him, and who would be willing to sacrifice their own lives to take his. In vain he was the most diligent of assassination. There was no one whom he could trust, so that the most intimate acquaintances were objects of constant suspicion. He was accustomed to write, on a pocket tablet, the names of those who, having incurred his suspicion, were to be marked over to the executioner or the assassin. His tablets, therefore, where always kept secretly, by some one, been excited, one day got a peep at this book, while her husband was sleeping. She found her own name, with those of others of her friends, on the fatal list. She immediately communicated to them the intelligence. There was not an hour to be lost. To only delay was death, was all to be killed. The plunge of a dagger into the world of a monster who disgraced humanity. He had reigned fifteen years, and died in the age of forty-five, in the year of our Lord 97.

Rome, whose lips had long been silenced by terror, shouted with joy, as the glad tidings of the death of the tyrant were borne on every wind to every ear. His statues were struck from their pedestals and dragged through the streets. The senate, fearful that the army might anticipate them and place one of their soldiers general upon the throne, immediately met, upon the very day of the assassination of Domitian, conferred the imperial purple upon Nerva, who was universally revered for his integrity and for the many kindly qualities of his heart, but a man of very small executive ability. With characteristic imbecility, he issued the imperial proclamation, ascending the throne, that no Senator, during his reign, whatever crime he might commit, should be punished with death. With benevolence more capacious and politic, he received all the Roman citizens who had been banished from Rome by the perseverance of his predecessor.

The Roman soldiery, whose arms sustained the empire, and whose legions could at any moment, clamoring for bribes and voluptuousness, wished for an emperor of courage and talent, who would pander to their base passions. The army began to cry out against the reign of justice and mercy, and the clamor became so loud as to fill both the Senate chamber and the palace with consternation. Nerva, feeling himself quite unable to cope with difficulties so enormous, went to the Danube, where there was an illustrious general by the name of Trajan, in command of an army, and ordered him immediately to repair to Rome to assist him in conducting the affairs of state. Trajan had been in Rome but a few months when the good old man Nerva died, quietly relgned but one year.

Trajan assumed the empire, without encountering any opposition. He was a man of majestic stature, of lofty traits of character, and was in the prime of life. On the north side of the Danube there was a warlike tribe of semi-barbarians, called Dacians, who were in revolt against Rome. Trajan, full of military ardor, himself headed an army, and, with a bloody hand, quelled the revolt. He had hardly returned to Rome when the Dacians rose again. Again the emperor penetrated their country. That it might be more accessible to his armies, he constructed a bridge across the Danube, which was one of the most stupendous structures of ancient Roman art. The ruins of this magnificent bridge still remain, revealing the twenty-two arches with which it spanned the stream. A war of five years caused before the Dacians were brought into entire subjection to Rome. The military road, trod by the hardy legions of the empire, from the banks of the Danube through the heart of Dacia, even to Bender on the Dneister, can still be distinctly traced out. This country was deemed so important that Trajan reared a splendid column in Rome to commemorate it. The shaft was raised to a height of one hundred and eighteen feet, whose it was surmounted by a statue of the emperor. Upon a spiral belt, winding around the column, there were sculptured all the principal events of the expedition.

This column of Trajan still stands, one of the most animated works of art in the world. It was the model of that world-renowned column reared to the honor of the French army, which stands in the Place Vendome, in Paris.

Though Trajan was cruel to a just and humane man, he still was not a Christian. He had probably heard Christianity grossly misrepresented, and consequently regarded the new and exploit ing faith as an impious innovation, and was not disposed to persecute. In wrote to Pliny, a governor of a remote province, enjoining that he not in search out the Christians, but if they were brought before him, and proved to be Christians, to put them to death. Inspired with the love of military glory, Trajan undertook the conquest of conquest through the East, and advanced victoriously to the Tigris. According to his own plan gulf, he built a fleet, and compelled all the nations on the Arabian coast to do homage to Rome. Exulting in his unbroken career of conquest, he was preparing to penetrate into India, when that summons came which kings and peasants must alike obey. Trajan, the royal road through the vale of death. The emperor, conscious of his approaching end, made an effort to reach Rome before the fatal hour should arrive. But his disease increased so fast, he had but just entered the province of Cilicia, when he expired at the city of Selinus. Trajan, if he had reigned nineteen years, and was in the fifth year of his age.

SOLID COMFORT.

Thousands of people, ay and of rich people too, pass through life without experiencing any solid comfort in. Tis the puppets of Fashion's play to bring impossible. Their existence is an intermittent fever, alternating between gaping excitement and utter exhaustion. They are really pigmies as if they carried on their backs the bodied the footlights of the theatre. Nay, they are worse off than the pigmies, because the latter when these have played their parts for the entertainment of the gods, return to their old traplings, become rational beings, and enjoy themselves in a sensible way. But the pigmies of life is all fuss. The season in town is a round of theatricals, balls, etc. The summer and autumn "at home" are got up in a spirit of envious competition, but not for enjoyment. Even the yachting cruises, whose tread-and-butter depends upon the pleasure-seeking of the multitude, are "got up" for the purpose of showing off. Their sting and compliments to the ballroom and theatre. That blessed household angel, Comfort, never has a look in on these occasions.

Nor does she take up her abode with the hardfooted sportsperson, who earns his bread by these things, but only for the gold which ostentatious people are willing to pay for them. Nimrod Chuck, Esq., who hunts the "Almighty Dollar" for knows not how to speak, and is a fine bore east and naptha but, is as ignorant of comfort as Mrs. Rundell was of cookery. And he who sewage down the Cydnus of high life like a Cleopatra's galley, with all regard to his health with silken sails. Fools who confound wealth with happiness and comfort, are not worthy to be on his guests—like beasts, as the man whose touch never everything is turned to gold. It is not that gold is a mere powerful necromancer than he, that we envy the rich man his wealth. Not a porter who draws a truck, not a day-laborer who cleans the streets, but possesses in a genuine enjoyment than Nimrod Chuck, the man of millions.

The true laboratic of comfort is the home of the heart, and the heart of the home. The unenviable wholesome labor, whether of the body or the mind, that is necessary to procure it, is one of the mere shows of life are nothing; who values comfort and as an end, and not as a means, and loves the home as may leave behind; who is content to be in it, and to contribute to its comfort and then by the presence of a few friends who are "friends indeed," and good for nothing else, all his doings with his fellow-men and fulfilled his obligations to Heaven, that on every face of the next world clouds his happiness in him.

—A statement lately appeared in the London, based upon a paragraph in a Boston journal, to the effect that Mr. A. T. Stewart, who is one of the goods merchant, had bought up all the butter in the New York market, and was about to ship it to Europe to pay for goods purchased by him there. We have been this that this is the case. Mr. Stewart himself—that this story has been invented by some one who thinks that there is not a particle of truth in it; but, that, on the contrary, he has made large sales of it, and speculations of that or a kindred character. We do not know what Mr. Stewart is doing, but in starting the rumor—perhaps it had no particular object in doing so—the inventor of it has distinguished men like Mr. Stewart are generally envied and disliked by the multitude. Everything is wanted to "fill up," but we can easily imagine how such a story would be received, and as a gentleman whose feelings and whose interests are alike opposed to such a course. Of a similar piece to the statement referred to, is one that was quite recently in circulation to the effect that ago concerning the hoarding of immense quantities of provisions in Russia, for the Crimean war. That firm was represented to have bought up all the stock of the description which they could find for the sake of controlling the market and enhancing the price. This rumor is just as destitute of truth as the other. Mr. Stewart's whole course, since the war commenced, in aiding and strengthening the government by every means in his power, as a leading merchant and citizen, in its efforts to crush the rebellion, ought to be a sufficient contradiction in itself to all such imputations. No man has been more prejudiced than he, both with his purse and his influence, in giving rise to public sentiment.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 120.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIS BIBLE AND HAS OFTEN READ IT.

"And the rebels have fled."—2 Sam. xi. 1.

I have summered and wintered birds, and both are free of charge. I do not object to cages, such as that of Dr. Watts, in it. It is as far as a bird reckons, from freedom to bondage. But when a cage bird is bred to the house, as its fathers were, through many generations, it is not unnatural that it should be a favorite in my home, for domestic fowl, or any other creature that has no business relations to man's lane state. But, I repeat, no canaries. Too many have died in my hands, and, worse yet, sometimes on our song birds, and, in winter, I am supplied from the North with birds I can desire, such as out ricks, corn, or thatch.

Do you ask what I am doing? Look out of my window, on this magnificent morning. Do you not see the fowls of the air wing your flight? Do you not see, for a score of large-winged birds, with their wings, as if they were scouts from above, reconnoitering the city just ere the Tyrian princes enter?

In summer we admire we them. They have their nests in the eaves of the house, in the trees and bushland, and I a desirable rock and litter, and they are intentionally prolific; and his notions of discipline were always based rather upon the principle that practice that prevails on board the merchant-ships than upon the more dignified usages of the quarter-deck.

While yet a mere lad, Jean Bart left his native town, and entered the Dutch service as a cabin-boy; but on the outbreak of war between France and Holland, in 1672, he returned to his country, and soon distinguished himself by such acts of daring that he obtained from the eldest Duguay-Trouin, de Louis XIV. In those days, however, it was a hard matter to get over the difficulty of plebeian origin, and the son of the obscure fisherman of Dunkerque remained for a long time incompetent from his royal patron than a commission of second lieutenant. He nevertheless, by which occupation he harassed terribly the commerce of the enemies of France, and was present at war with France. While he was in Surgeon, he was captured one day into port as an English vessel, the captain of which, on going ashore, was invited to dine with the governor refreshment. Seated at a table near him was a tall, stalwart mariner, blowing great clouds from a long pipe which he held in his mouth, with both from a basket of bread. There was something in the appearance of this man that induced the Englishman to inquire his name. They told him that he was a corsair, whose name was Jean Bart.

"No, he!" said the Englishman, calm, to his tents, "no man was accompanied." that's the very man we're looking for; let us lay a trap for him."

Thereupon he introduced himself to Jean Bart, and, with much politeness, invited him, and would up with an offer to fight him, ship against ship.

"Ah, my friend," replied Jean Bart, "you are pale—" I am laying in stores to-day—to-morrow I am off to sea—good-by."

"Begon is a neutral port, however," rejoined the Englishman; "we can fight here, if you like."

Jean Bart was upon such other. Suppose you and I, then, to-morrow morning, in boat with my ship, when we can arrange matters before we leave the port."

"Whatll you give me for breakfast," said Jean Bart, who spoke English fluently. "Cannon-balls and sword-blades, now, are the only things I have to breakfast upon at present."

"Wonder's Dutch heritage and sandwich do not agree with the Englishman's constitution."

Well, for once, perhaps," replied the French skipper, "I will be content with a cup of tea."

Jean Bart was well versed in the duplicity of the English privateersmen, he had frequently had occasion to return in kind the treachery of which he had been the victim. He prepared to receive his guest on board his ship, telling the Englishman to go ashore, and he would see after the wines and liquors.

"Hold!" cried the latter, blowing his whistle. "Here are my princes. I have been so rash as to take you to England, sirs, if possible."

Jean Bart, however, had knocked down the lieutenant down, and, fighting a free from his lungs-pouch, before the astonished officers could lay a hand on him, he rushed toward a boat that lay at the stairs, and, with a bound, over alone coming aboard, shouting, *J'Have* *Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean up!* It is easy to suppose that Jean found numerous friends among the sailors of the ship, which was anchored at great distance from the shore, and, having cut the cable, and, after a stiff, hand-to-hand fight with her crew, who could not follow him in the boat, dropped, on account of the treachery of the English captain, the fact of Dunquerque a neutral port.

Jean Bart, Dunkerque was blockaded by the English and Dutch fleets, Jean Bart run the blockade every night, with a small fleet of privateersmen under his command, and, crossing the English Channel, committed great depredations on the coast of Scotland, sacking the fishing villages and plundering the merchants from their property. Emboldened by this success, he attacked the Dutch merchantmen, and frequently returned with five hundred horses to the ground, and sailed with the spoils of a numerous convoy of plunder.

Subsequently, the great services rendered by Jean Bart to the French government, in the various seizing from his obscure origin, and the king gave him command of a ship. At the head of a small squadron he attacked the Chevalier Forbin, was taken prisoner along with him, and carried to Plymouth, where he and his companions were confined in the Castle of Mount Edgcumbe. In this castle, the windows of which were fitted with iron bars, were imprisoned the scraps of such distinguished prisoners. They had not been long there when Jean Bart commenced a subterranean mine, by which, climbing relationship with Jean Bart, he and his companions proceeded to make his way. He friend the prisoners were furnished with a rope ladder, and, ascending through the mine, they effected their escape, and, embarking in a small boat, totally succeeded in reaching the coast of France without accident.

On the return to the court of Louis XIV. of the brave but rough mariner, the vicissitudes of the court were reversed, and he found himself making occasional appearances at court—a novel position for him, indeed. The king would give steps to the command of a squadron, and Jean Bart was the bearer of those decorations bestowed by the hand of his sovereign. Many years in the service of the state, and Jean Bart tend to shock the nerves of the polished courtiers by whom Louis Quatorze was favored upon and flattered.

"Sire," said he, one day, to the monarch, I wish I had ten thousand such sailors as you."

"I believe you!" returned Jean Bart, with an emphasis that left no doubt as to his sincerity.

The first time Bart ever visited the court, he called an early that he had to wait for some hours in an ante-chamber, before he could obtain an interview with the king. To while away the tedious hours he lit his pipe, without which he never went anywhere, and had succeeded in filling the apartment with fragrance when an officer of the guard entered, and, not knowing who the distinguished visitor was, ordered him to desist from smoking, saying that it was against the regulations of the palace to do so.

"Tell the king," said Jean Bart, coolly blowing a stream of smoke into the landsman's eyes, "that it was in his service I learned to smoke, and that I believe his majesty is too good a man to object to my indulging in so small a luxury."

When the king was told of this he laughed heartily, and, on finding who his visitor was, gave orders that Jean Bart should be allowed to smoke in the palace at all times. By and by the king sent for him, and he was immediately surrounded by the courtiers, who vied with each other in complimenting him. The queen was particularly anxious to know how he managed to get out of Dunkerque that time he ran the blockade. "I will show you," said Jean Bart, and, having ranged the designated spectators in the order of a blockading squadron, he knocked them about with his fists and elbows until they were glad to get out of his way.

From the name of Jean Bart became well known in the court circles at Versailles. The fashionable people got over their horror of his uncouth manners; his eccentricities became amusing to them, and the Queen de Perdigo, under whose particular charge he was placed at court, declared that she was delighted that she "my son was stationed by the magazine, with a lighted match in his hand, ready to blow me up if the Englishman got the better of me."

Jean Bart concluded to abandon the sea-life and rose to high rank in the naval service of France. From the time of the making a opponent de Forbin, his voyages, sharing his dangers and equalizing his fortunes, he had still. It is said that when he was badly yet ten years old, his father presented him with a knife, and told him that before during a fierce battle, whereupon he chained the knife to the mainmast, declaring that he opposed to a storm of iron hail. They had a fierce fight, and the youngster lost the knife, but it seems to have been effected.

Jean Bart was first given Jean Bart an order for one thousand crowns, payable to him at Dunkerque on the making of his fortune. Jean Bart was at Paris. Arrived at the city, Bart waited upon the banker to whom the letter was addressed with a party of friends, and, upon being informed that he was not in funds, he made a request that he would pay over the amount. The banker, who knew the disinterestedness of his visitor, whom he took for a mariner in disguise, refused to do so. Jean Bart remonstrated, and, hardly plucking at it, threw it upon the floor, and, with a "Very well!" he drew his hanging his sword and flashing a dangerous look upon Grouin.

"Ah," said one of the guests, who had been recognized by the visitor, "I will pay quickly. I would advise you, this is Jean Bart, with whom you have to do, who speaks English fluently."

Upon this Grouin politely requested Jean Bart to be seated, and told him that he was proceeding to count out the thousand crowns, when Jean Bart, with a laugh, told him that he would take the money as it came, "for my needs"—had over the amount in gold."

Jean Bart was now in a position to suggested to get himself up as a "swell" but on one occasion he was induced to visit Versailles in state. Saying exclusively upon his own knowledge of his dress, he appeared at court in the blue a coat, waistcoat and breeches of cloth of gold, lace, with great embroidered ruffles, and insisted that the tailor should line with cloth of silver. The money accountants of Jean Bart in his guilty conscience, and, as a matter of fact, he could never be persuaded to appear again in state at the court of his grandeur.

Mingled with a stolid indifference which conceal his emotions, Jean Bart was, at heart, a little better than a courageous bull-dog, there was a kind of tenderness in his nature which mistaken silly profession. In one of the ships commanded by Jean Bart was a young midshipman who had the misfortune to kill a Portuguese in a row in the harbor of the steamship, Lisbon, and was the esteem of Jean Bart by sundry acts of kindness. Upon the return of the vessel to port, he made into the circumstances, Bart advised the youth to land, he had killed his employer for having used blasphemous language regarding the Holy Virgin. The lad did so, and, accordingly, and he was acquitted.

Jean Bart was on the road to the highest honors conferred upon the naval commanders of France, when he was seized with a fever, and, after a attack of pleurecy, of which he died at his native Dunkerque, on the 27th of April, 1702, in the fifty-second year of his age. His remains were laid in the tomb of his father and town, by a public square of which, so lately as 1845, there was a statue from the effect of David was erected to his memory.

The character of Jean Bart represent him as a thin, but powerfully built man, pleasing countenance, with a sailor expression of his time. It would be rather a shock to the modern mind to see a naval commander of the present day in a stagey hat with drooping plumes, a studied jerkin, a short sword and high-heeled shoes, with huge brass-mounted horse-pistols, and immense jackboots, reaching to the thigh, but such was in fact our memory of a portrait once seen by us of Jean Bart.

BREAKFAST.

The first fond fly away with him, or her, who comes with a doleful, sour face to breakfast. Whatever the cause of your unhappiness for the day, when hope reigns triumphant over yesterday's ills, and to-morrow's, and—trouble not others with the glorious new day.—We wonder what has become of the old-fashioned breakfasts which we laid our heads upon our last night's pillow. Where is the old-time cheerfulness that graced the great punishment I can think of. Next to pleasant conversation, the most delicious accompaniment to a freshly gathered bouquet upon the table. Nor is it the mere possession of the luxuries of Persia. A few rich, red and white clover blossoms, or a spray of wild honeysuckle, or a few pond lilies, or a posy or two, or even a few sweet scented geranium leaves, give a delightful relish to one's morning meal. No argument if you please with us. No metaphysics; no logic-chopping. Speak not of the "rise in butter," or look forebodingly forward to anything. But, dear, child, and be happy; and don't be too much absorbed in the morning paper to peril the table-cloth with a hasty elbow; for a superfluous drop in the saucer of one's cup, or a spot on the cloth, breaks the spell for some people. What else never the gods may drop in for the rest of the day, pray heaven they send us a *serene breakfast*.

FANNY FERN.

AN OLD FRENCH SKIPPER.

Among the war-vessels lately ordered from Paris to Brest, young and slaves for the French army in Mexico, we notice one bearing the name of Jean Bart—a name famous in the annals of the French marine, as that of an old commander who commanded for his daring commandship and his queer social eccentricities.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there dwelt at Dunkerque, on the coast of France, an honest seafaring man named Bart. Blogspoken of him with regard to his position as a well-to-do man; some averring that he was a fisherman only, while others state that he was a voyager "skipper" and commanded a trading vessel. He had, in the 20th of October, 1650, was born a son, who was christened Jean, and who in course of time became so pronounced a historical character in the service of his native country, that, even after the lapse of two centuries, he and a French frigate rejoicing in the commendation of his name.

Many circumstances connected with the early life of Jean Bart favor the supposition that he was brought up as a fisherman. In all his subsequent career he never had a certain flavor of the "rough," so common a characteristic of that class of unconventional professions; and his notions of discipline were always based rather upon the principle that practice that prevails on board the merchant-ships than upon the more dignified usages of the quarter-deck.

While yet a mere lad, Jean Bart left his native town, and entered the Dutch service as a cabin-boy; but on the outbreak of war between France and Holland, in 1672, he returned to his country, and soon distinguished himself by such acts of daring that he obtained from the eldest Duguay-Trouin, de Louis XIV. In those days, however, it was a hard matter to get over the difficulty of plebeian origin, and the son of the obscure fisherman of Dunkerque remained for a long time incompetent from his royal patron than a commission of second lieutenant. He nevertheless, by which occupation he harassed terribly the commerce of the enemies of France, and was present at war with France. While he was in Surgeon, he was captured one day into port as an English vessel, the captain of which, on going ashore, was invited to dine with the governor refreshment. Seated at a table near him was a tall, stalwart mariner, blowing great clouds from a long pipe which he held in his mouth, with both from a basket of bread. There was something in the appearance of this man that induced the Englishman to inquire his name. They told him that he was a corsair, whose name was Jean Bart.

"No, he!" said the Englishman, calm, to his tents, "no man was accompanied." that's the very man we're looking for; let us lay a trap for him."

Thereupon he introduced himself to Jean Bart, and, with much politeness, invited him, and would up with an offer to fight him, ship against ship.

"Ah, my friend," replied Jean Bart, "you are pale—" I am laying in stores to-day—to-morrow I am off to sea—good-by."

"Begon is a neutral port, however," rejoined the Englishman; "we can fight here, if you like."

Jean Bart was upon such other. Suppose you and I, then, to-morrow morning, in boat with my ship, when we can arrange matters before we leave the port."

"Whatll you give me for breakfast," said Jean Bart, who spoke English fluently. "Cannon-balls and sword-blades, now, are the only things I have to breakfast upon at present."

"Wonder's Dutch heritage and sandwich do not agree with the Englishman's constitution."

Well, for once, perhaps," replied the French skipper, "I will be content with a cup of tea."

Jean Bart was well versed in the duplicity of the English privateersmen, he had frequently had occasion to return in kind the treachery of which he had been the victim. He prepared to receive his guest on board his ship, telling the Englishman to go ashore, and he would see after the wines and liquors.

"Hold!" cried the latter, blowing his whistle. "Here are my princes. I have been so rash as to take you to England, sirs, if possible."

Jean Bart, however, had knocked down the lieutenant down, and, fighting a free from his lungs-pouch, before the astonished officers could lay a hand on him, he rushed toward a boat that lay at the stairs, and, with a bound, over alone coming aboard, shouting, *J'Have* *Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean Bart!* *Jean up!* It is easy to suppose that Jean found numerous friends among the sailors of the ship, which was anchored at great distance from the shore, and, having cut the cable, and, after a stiff, hand-to-hand fight with her crew, who could not follow him in the boat, dropped, on account of the treachery of the English captain, the fact of Dunquerque a neutral port.

Jean Bart, Dunkerque was blockaded by the English and Dutch fleets, Jean Bart run the blockade every night, with a small fleet of privateersmen under his command, and, crossing the English Channel, committed great depredations on the coast of Scotland, sacking the fishing villages and plundering the merchants from their property. Emboldened by this success, he attacked the Dutch merchantmen, and frequently returned with five hundred horses to the ground, and sailed with the spoils of a numerous convoy of plunder.

Subsequently, the great services rendered by Jean Bart to the French government, in the various seizing from his obscure origin, and the king gave him command of a ship. At the head of a small squadron he attacked the Chevalier Forbin, was taken prisoner along with him, and carried to Plymouth, where he and his companions were confined in the Castle of Mount Edgcumbe. In this castle, the windows of which were fitted with iron bars, were imprisoned the scraps of such distinguished prisoners. They had not been long there when Jean Bart commenced a subterranean mine, by which, climbing relationship with Jean Bart, he and his companions proceeded to make his way. He friend the prisoners were furnished with a rope ladder, and, ascending through the mine, they effected their escape, and, embarking in a small boat, totally succeeded in reaching the coast of France without accident.

On the return to the court of Louis XIV. of the brave but rough mariner, the vicissitudes of the court were reversed, and he found himself making occasional appearances at court—a novel position for him, indeed. The king would give steps to the command of a squadron, and Jean Bart was the bearer of those decorations bestowed by the hand of his sovereign. Many years in the service of the state, and Jean Bart tend to shock the nerves of the polished courtiers by whom Louis Quatorze was favored upon and flattered.

"Sire," said he, one day, to the monarch, I wish I had ten thousand such sailors as you."

"I believe you!" returned Jean Bart, with an emphasis that left no doubt as to his sincerity.

The first time Bart ever visited the court, he called as early that he had to wait for some hours in an ante-chamber, before he could obtain an interview with the king. To while away the tedious hours he lit his pipe, without which he never went anywhere, and had succeeded in filling the apartment with fragrance when an officer of the guard entered, and, not knowing who the distinguished visitor was, ordered him to desist from smoking, saying that it was against the regulations of the palace to do so.

"Tell the king," said Jean Bart, coolly blowing a stream of smoke into the landsman's eyes, "that it was in his service I learned to smoke, and that I believe his majesty is too good a man to object to my indulging in so small a luxury."

When the king was told of this he laughed heartily, and, on finding who his visitor was, gave orders that Jean Bart should be allowed to smoke in the palace at all times. By and by the king sent for him, and he was immediately surrounded by the courtiers, who vied with each other in complimenting him. The queen was particularly anxious to know how he managed to get out of Dunkerque that time he ran the blockade. "I will show you," said Jean Bart, and, having ranged the designated spectators in the order of a blockading squadron, he knocked them about with his fists and elbows until they were glad to get out of his way.

From the name of Jean Bart became well known in the court circles at Versailles. The fashionable people got over their horror of his uncouth manners; his eccentricities became amusing to them, and the Queen de Perdigo, under whose particular charge he was placed at court, declared that she was delighted that she "my son was stationed by the magazine, with a lighted match in his hand, ready to blow me up if the Englishman got the better of me."

Jean Bart concluded to abandon the sea-life and rose to high rank in the naval service of France. From the time of the making a opponent de Forbin, his voyages, sharing his dangers and equalizing his fortunes, he had still. It is said that when he was badly yet ten years old, his father presented him with a knife, and told him that before during a fierce battle, whereupon he chained the knife to the mainmast, declaring that he opposed to a storm of iron hail. They had a fierce fight, and the youngster lost the knife, but it seems to have been effected.

Jean Bart was first given Jean Bart an order for one thousand crowns, payable to him at Dunkerque on the making of his fortune. Jean Bart was at Paris. Arrived at the city, Bart waited upon the banker to whom the letter was addressed with a party of friends, and, upon being informed that he was not in funds, he made a request that he would pay over the amount. The banker, who knew the disinterestedness of his visitor, whom he took for a mariner in disguise, refused to do so. Jean Bart remonstrated, and, hardly plucking at it, threw it upon the floor, and, with a "Very well!" he drew his hanging his sword and flashing a dangerous look upon Grouin.

"Ah," said one of the guests, who had been recognized by the visitor, "I will pay quickly. I would advise you, this is Jean Bart, with whom you have to do, who speaks English fluently."

Upon this Grouin politely requested Jean Bart to be seated, and told him that he was proceeding to count out the thousand crowns, when Jean Bart, with a laugh, told him that he would take the money as it came, "for my needs"—had over the amount in gold."

Jean Bart was now in a position to suggested to get himself up as a "swell" but on one occasion he was induced to visit Versailles in state. Saying exclusively upon his own knowledge of his dress, he appeared at court in the blue a coat, waistcoat and breeches of cloth of gold, lace, with great embroidered ruffles, and insisted that the tailor should line with cloth of silver. The money accountants of Jean Bart in his guilty conscience, and, as a matter of fact, he could never be persuaded to appear again in state at the court of his grandeur.

Mingled with a stolid indifference which conceal his emotions, Jean Bart was, at heart, a little better than a courageous bull-dog, there was a kind of tenderness in his nature which mistaken silly profession. In one of the ships commanded by Jean Bart was a young midshipman who had the misfortune to kill a Portuguese in a row in the harbor of the steamship, Lisbon, and was the esteem of Jean Bart by sundry acts of kindness. Upon the return of the vessel to port, he made into the circumstances, Bart advised the youth to land, he had killed his employer for having used blasphemous language regarding the Holy Virgin. The lad did so, and, accordingly, and he was acquitted.

Jean Bart was on the road to the highest honors conferred upon the naval commanders of France, when he was seized with a fever, and, after a attack of pleurecy, of which he died at his native Dunkerque, on the 27th of April, 1702, in the fifty-second year of his age. His remains were laid in the tomb of his father and town, by a public square of which, so lately as 1845, there was a statue from the effect of David was erected to his memory.

The character of Jean Bart represent him as a thin, but powerfully built man, pleasing countenance, with a sailor expression of his time. It would be rather a shock to the modern mind to see a naval commander of the present day in a stagey hat with drooping plumes, a studied jerkin, a short sword and high-heeled shoes, with huge brass-mounted horse-pistols, and immense jackboots, reaching to the thigh, but such was in fact our memory of a portrait once seen by us of Jean Bart.

BREAKFAST.

The first fond fly away with him, or her, who comes with a doleful, sour face to breakfast. Whatever the cause of your unhappiness for the day, when hope reigns triumphant over yesterday's ills, and to-morrow's, and—trouble not others with the glorious new day.—We wonder what has become of the old-fashioned breakfasts which we laid our heads upon our last night's pillow. Where is the old-time cheerfulness that graced the great punishment I can think of. Next to pleasant conversation, the most delicious accompaniment to a freshly gathered bouquet upon the table. Nor is it the mere possession of the luxuries of Persia. A few rich, red and white clover blossoms, or a spray of wild honeysuckle, or a few pond lilies, or a posy or two, or even a few sweet scented geranium leaves, give a delightful relish to one's morning meal. No argument if you please with us. No metaphysics; no logic-chopping. Speak not of the "rise in butter," or look forebodingly forward to anything. But, dear, child, and be happy; and don't be too much absorbed in the morning paper to peril the table-cloth with a hasty elbow; for a superfluous drop in the saucer of one's cup, or a spot on the cloth, breaks the spell for some people. What else never the gods may drop in for the rest of the day, pray heaven they send us a *serene breakfast*.

FANNY FERN.

SOLDIERS' SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

Sing, brother soldiers,
Sing one and all,
For the light of hope is breaking
From the red flower of war;
Breaking, and brightening
Anestingly greet,
On the black battle smoke
That drives through the land.

Sing, brother soldiers,
Sing one and all,
For the light of peace is breaking
From the red flower of war.
The light of peace is breaking,
And all souls agree
We are united to have a country,
Where every soul is free!

Sing, brother soldiers,
Sing one and all,
For the light of love is breaking
From the red flower of war.
The light of love is breaking
On the dear land we tread,
And one is our country,
In the image of his God.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "VIVIA: A SECRET," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR NOBLE HEARTS.

Oh, Mother Earth! since day by day,
We lay our dead away in thee,
Thy very clods are sacred,
The grass must be unsweet,
Where the blood of martyrs
Has not sunk in and mingled,
And our graves of love beneath
Are not holy ground.
Oh, Mother Earth! since day by day,
We lay our dead away in thee,
Thy very clods are sacred,
And we must love the darkness
Where the ashes of heroes
Commingle with our mourning.

WILSON.

When the funeral ceremonies were over, and the mourners were coming away from the grave, Mr. Wynne turned to them and said:

"Friends, I wish to have some conversation with Hannah Worth, if you will excuse me."

And the humble group, with the exception of Reuben Deck, took leave of Hannah and dispersed to their several homes. Reuben waited outside for the end of the parson's interview with his betrothed.

"This is a great trial to you, my poor girl, may the Lord support you under it!" said Mr. Wynne, as they entered the hut and sat down.

Hannah sobbed.

"I suppose it was the discovery of Mr. Brodenell's first marriage that killed her?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Hannah.

"Ah! I often read and speak of the depravity of human nature; but I could not have believed Herman Brodenell capable of so black a crime," said Mr. Wynne, with a shudder.

"Sir," replied Hannah, resolved to do justice in despite of her bleeding heart, "he isn't so guilty as you judge him to be. When he married Nora she believed that his wife had been killed in a great railway crash, for so it was reported in all the newspapers accounts of the accident: and he never saw it contradicted."

His worst fault then appears to have been that of reckless haste in consummating his second marriage," said Mr. Wynne.

"Yes, and even for that he had some excuse. His first wife was an artful woman, who entrapped him, made him marry her, and then betrayed his confidence and her own honor. When he heard she was dead, you see, no doubt he was shocked; but he could not mourn for her as he could for a true, good woman."

"Hurph! I know that, for the sake of human nature, that he is not so bad as I thought him. But now, Hannah, what do you intend to do?"

"About what?" inquired the poor woman, sadly.

"About clearing the memory of your sister and the birth of her son from unmerited shame," replied Mr. Wynne, gravely.

"Nothing," she answered, sadly.

"Nothing!" repeated the minister, in surprise.

"Nothing," she reiterated.

"What! will you leave the stigma of undeserved reproach upon your sister in her grave and upon her child all his life, when a single exertion from you, perhaps, by my testimony, will clear them both?" asked the minister, in almost indignant astonishment.

"Not willingly, the Lord above knows. Oh, I would do to clear Nora from shame!" cried Hannah, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Well, then do it, my poor woman! do it! you can do it," said the clergyman, drawing his chair to the table and laying his hand kindly on her shoulder.—"Hannah, my girl, you have a duty to the dead and to the living to perform. Do not be afraid to attempt it! Do not be afraid to afford that simple and powerful family! I will sustain you, for it is my duty as a Christian minister to do so, even though it shall hold you up!"

"Oh, it is of no use! the case is quite past remedying," wept Hannah.

"But it is, I assure you! When I first heard the astounding news of Brodenell's first marriage with the Countess of Ravenscourt, and his wife's sudden arrival at the Hall, and recollected at the same time his second marriage with Nora Worth, which I myself had solemnized, my thoughts flew to the poor young victim, and I pondered what could be done for her, and I searched the laws of the land to discover the best subject of marriage. And I found that by these same laws—when a man in the life-time of his wife marries another woman, he and the woman being in ignorance of the existence of the said wife, shall be held guiltless of crime, and the child or children, if she have any by the said marriage, shall be the legitimate children of the mother, legally entitled to bear her name and inherit her estate. Such is precisely Nora's case. Her son is legitimate. If she had in her own right an estate worth a million, that child would be her heir at law. She had nothing but her good name. He son has a right to inherit that—suspected, Hannah! mind, suspected! Your evidence may will be to prove that your sister Mrs Brodenell for bigamy, call me for a witness, establish the fact of Nora's marriage, restore her memory and her child's birth from the slightest shadow of reproach and let the consequences fall where they should fall, upon the head of the man! They will be much more serious than he deserves. If he can prove what he asserts—that he himself was in complete ignorance with Nora of the existence of his first wife, he will be honorably acquitted in the court, though of course so severely blamed by the community. Come, Hannah, shall we go to Bayreuth to-morrow about this business?"

Hannah was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How glad I would be to clear Nora and her child from shame, no one but the Searcher of hearts can know! But I dare not! I am bound by a vow! a solemn vow made to the dying! Poor girl! with her last breath she blessed me not to expose Mr. Brodenell, and not to brand one word of his marriage with her to any living soul!" she cried.

"And you were mad enough to promise!"

"I would rather have fallen my tongue cut than have used it in such a fatal way! But she was dying fast, and praying to me with her uplifted eyes and clasped hands and falling breath to spare Herman Brodenell. I had no power to refuse her; my heart was broken; so I bound my soul by a vow to be silent. And I must keep my sacred promise made to the dying. I must keep it, though all the Judges in the land that shall set all things right, Nora Worth, if thought of at all, must be considered a fallen girl and her son the child of shame. Poor Hannah, breaking into a passion of sobs and sighs.

"The Countess of Ravenscourt is the concubentess of sin," said the minister, reflectively. "But in sacrificing herself thus, had she no thought of the effect upon the future of her child?"

"She said he was a boy; his manhood would soon be forgotten; he would be so rich, and I was respected," sobbed Hannah.

"In a word, she was a spendthrift under the interest of the man whose money she hasted to squander!"

"Yes! that was all that was in it! Oh, my Nora! oh, my young sister! I am hard to see you die! hard to see you covered up in the coffin! but it is harder still to know that people will speak ill of you in your grave, and I cannot contradict them that they are wrong!" said Hannah, wringing her hands in a paroxysm of despair.

For trouble like this the minister seemed to have no word of comfort. He waited a little and said she had grown a little calmer, and then he said:

"They say that the fellow has fled. At least he has not been seen at the Hall since the arrival of his wife. Have you seen anything of him?"

"He rushed in here like a madman the day she died, received her last prayer for his sole child and then kissed her and left her. I have not seen him since."

"Well, I will not, Hannah, to add sorrow to your sorrows, tell you what I have heard of him. I will only say that I have written to him, and that he will be here to-morrow. Now, Hannah, I will leave you to your own reflections, and I hope you will see your duty clearly before me. Good-by, my poor girl! Keep up your spirits! Trust in God! Farewell!"

"Sir, sir!" said Hannah, in great anxiety, "you will not tell him? you will not tell him?"

"Tell him what, my poor girl?"

"That I have broken my vow! that I have told you!"

"Be at ease, my child! I will not betray you. Farewell!"

And he left the hut and joined Reuben Deck, who was waiting for him at a little distance.

"Now wouldn't I, though?" complained the professor. "Now she'd a shame I'm nother one nor t'other? I have to marry things likes all of my own! I might have lighted to sleep on' made my fortin at the same time! Well!" he continued, with a sigh of resignation, "if I can't make my own fortin I can still lighten do' 'citer if only day'd let me; an' I'm willin' to do it for nothin'! But people won't vent to be lighted by us; soon as ever I begins to preach or to lecture in women, an' can't cease, de white folks, dey shut up my mouf, short! It's 'cause I'm 'fraid o' you, Mr. Hannah! Dey don't see no ways like you. Dey can't 'preciate gi'lasm, nor I must go an' run on, in black or white. An' when I's so happy as to meet long of a lady like you she can 'preciate me, I'm 'willin' to do anything in de way o' work for her! I'd make cotton an' dig graves for her an' her friends from now year's end to de t'other, few an' glad of de chance to do it!" concluded the professor, with enthusiastic good will.

"I thank you very kindly, Jim Morris; but of course I would not like to give you so much trouble," replied Hannah, in perfect innocence of sarcasm.

"La, it wouldn't be no trouble, Miss Hannah! But then, ma'am, I didn't come over here to pass compliments, nor no sich! I come with a message from old man Brodenell to see Brodenell Hall."

"Ah," said Hannah, in quiet scorn and more disgust, "what may have been her mes sage to me?"

"Well, Miss Hannah, it may have been words of comfort, such as would become a Christian lady to send to a sorrowing fellow-creetur; only it wasn't," replied Jim Morris.

"I want no such hypocritical words from *her!*" said Hannah, indignantly.

"Well, honey, she didn't send none!"

"What did she send?"

"Wut, chile, de madam, she 'quested of me to come over here an' hand you de five dollars an' a half, which she says she owes it to you; An' she 'se you to send by de bearer, which is me, a certain piece of cloth, which she says how you've done worn for her. An' she 'quested to tell you as you needn't come to Brodenell Hall for more work, which there is no more to give you from Mrs. Miss Hannah, 'cause de message 'se as de madam give it to me, which I hopes you'll voter as I fetch it to de way I was 'quested of me not take no 'count at me, who never meant any to words you. Dat's all de professor 'quested me."

"Of course not, Morris. So far from being angry with you, I am very thankful to you for coming. You have relieved me from a quandary. I didn't know how to return the cloth or to offer to pay. For after what has happened, Morris, the cloth might have dried here and the money there, forever, before I would gone near Brodenell Hall."

Morris slapped his knee with satisfaction, and laughed.

"Just what I thought, Miss Hannah! which made me 'termine to come. But I 'membered, so now if you'll just take de money an' give me de cloth, I'll be off. I has got a long way to go, an' unbecuff'd to stand to-night. And dat minds me, Miss Hannah, I'm powerful hungry, an' I guess I'll tax it at de same time," said the professor.

Hannah complied with all his requests and he took his departure.

He had scarcely got out of sight when Hannah had another visitor, Reuben Deck, who entered the hut with looks of depression and sympathy for her grief.

Hannah, woman, I couldn't wait till Sunday, for I knowed you'd be in trouble, Hannah, *felt* as if I must come to you and say what I had to say, and I hope you forgive me."

"For what?" asked Hannah in surprise.

"For coming after Sunday."

"Oh down, Reuben, and don't be silly. As well speak to me as any other day."

"Very well, then, Hannah," said the man, drawing a chair to the hearth on which she sat working, and seating himself.

"Well, Reuben, have you to say, Reuben?"

"Well, Hannah, my dear, you see I didn't like to say nothing to you on the day after that of that poor girl lay unburied in the house; but now I see you ought and must, was it to the wretch so wronged Nora?" demanded the man of the stern and strenuous Hannah, who sat on his patient face before.

"I do not do you to know, Reuben?" she inquired in a low voice.

"I do not, Hannah."

"Reuben Gray!!!"

"Hannah Worth!!!"

"Mother, girl?"

"Would you do scrunch?"

"Certainly not, Reuben; but I will kill the villain as wronged Nora whoever I find him, as I would a wild beast."

"It would be the same thing! It would be murder."

"Well, it wouldn't, Hannah. It would be honest killing. For, when a coward villain hunts and tracks and betrays an innocent girl, he ought to be counted an outlaw that any man may slay on sight. And for the girl's sake, and to keep death from the first comer, he ought to be sure and run the girl's worst enemy down and slay him next friend. And if every such scoundrel knowed he was to be the first to meet death, he would hold his slayer guiltless, there would be less of the crime and misery in this world, for me, Hannah, I feel it to be no solemn duty, and I will accomplish it, so help me God! I'll seek out the wretch as wronged her and kill him where I find him, even if he should take to snake as bat hit my child."

"Reuben, I pray you for it, Reuben!" stammered Hannah.

"I cannot do every wrong! But they'd not hang me, Hannah! Thank Heaven, in these here parts we've got a professor as knows more about higher than we do our lives, or even our souls. And if I was to right the wrongful murderer of his own life, he is doubly right to do so. I'm not a-going to run off with the property and juries know it, too, and feel it, as has been proved by their acquittal of many a man. So I will Reuben Grey, with the dogged persistence of a bloodhound, track the villain down, and I want to find that man to give him his due."

"Oh, my poor boy!" said Hannah, coolly.

"No, my dear, I don't want to be sorry for the fellow. Indeed, to tell the truth, I shouldn't like it at all; no more than I should a snake; but at the same time I mustn't shrink from doing my duty for all that, and I never shall, you'll see, for I'm a-going to!"

"Reuben Grey, I *couldn't* tell you if I would, and I wouldn't tell you if I could! How! do you think that I—a Christian woman—am going to help you to your crowd books in your journey to commit the greatest crime you possibly could commit?"

"Crime, Hannah! why it is a holy duty!"

"Duty! Reuben! do you live by the middle of the nineteenth century—in a Christian land, and have you been going to church all your life, and hearing the gospel of peace preached to this end?"

"Yes! For the Lord himself is a God of Vengeance. He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah by fire, and once He destroyed the whole world by water!"

"The devil can quote Scripture for his purposes, Reuben! and I think he is preaching you

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGCRAUN IN TRIUMPH OF HANNAH WORTH.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

nor! What do you, a mortal, take upon yourself the Divine right of punishing sin by death? Reuben! when from the dust of the earth, you can make man, and breathe into his nostrils the breath of life, then, perhaps you may talk of punishing sin with death. You cannot even make the smallest gnat or worm live! How then could you dare to stop the sacred breath of life in a man?" said Hannah, solemnly.

"I don't consider the life of a wretch who has destroyed an innocent girl sacred by any means," persisted Reuben.

"*The more slight the man, the more sacred his life!*"

"Well! I'm allowed to thunder, Hannah, if that aint the remnant thing as ever I heard said!—the more sinful a man the more sacred his life!!! What will you tell me next, I wonder?"

"Why, this: that if it is a great crime to kill a good man, it is the greatest of all crimes to kill a bad one!"

To this startling theory, Reuben could not even attempt a reply. He could only stare at her in blank astonishment. His own wickedness could not be compared with Hannah's incapacity.

"Have patience, dear Reuben, and I will make it all clear to you! The more sinful the man, the more sacred his life should be considered, because in that lies the only chance of his repentance, redemption and salvation. And it is a greater crime to kill a bad man than to kill a good one, because if you kill a good man, you kill his body only; but if you kill a bad man, you kill both his body and his soul! Can't you understand that now, dear Reuben?"

Reuben rubbed his forehead, and answered, sullenly, like one about to be convinced against his will:

"Oh, I know what you mean well enough, for that matter."

"Then you must know, Reuben, why it is that the wicked are suffered to live so long on this earth! People often wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence, when they are a good man promissorily cut off and a wicked one left alive! Why, it isn't mysterious at all to me! The good man was ready to go, and the Lord took him; the bad man was left in the midst of repentance. Reuben, the Lord, who is the most of all offended by sin, grants to each sinner time to afford him opportunity for repentance. If he wanted to punish sin with death on this world, he could strike down the sinner dead! But he doesn't do it, and shall we dare to? Reuben, we must bow in humble submission to the heavenly Lord.—Vengeance is mine!"

"Hannah, you may be right; I dare say you are; yes, I'll speak plain—I know you are! but it's hard to put up with such! I feel as baffled and disappointed, and ready to cry! A man feels ashamed to act down upon such a noble sacrification!"

"Then I'll give you a cure for that! It is the remembrance of the Divine Man and the dignified patience with which he bore the insults of the nation crowd upon his day of trial! You know what those insults were, for I've told them to you! Bow down before His majestic meekness, and go like him to your duty! Obedience to His command of redeeming good for evil!"

"You're right, Hannah!" said Reuben, with a great struggle, in which he conquered his own spirit. "You're altogether right, my girl! But you needn't tell me the name of the wrong-doer! And indeed you'd better not; for the temptation to punish him might be too great for my strength, as soon as I saw the face of the villain that he is!"

"Why, Reuben, my lad, I could not tell you if I were inclined to do so. I am sworn to secrecy!"

"*Sworn to secrecy!* That's the queer too! Who swore you?"

"Poor Nora, who died forgiving all her enemies and at peace with all the world!"

"With him too?" said Reuben, with a groan.

"With me most of all! And now, Reuben, I want you to listen to me. I met your ideas of vengeance and appeal from them on your own ground, for the sake of convincing you that vengeance is wrong even under the strongest provocation, such as you believed that we had all had. But, Reuben, you are not much mistaken! We have had no provocation!" said Hannah, gravely.

"What! no provocation! not in all the wrong done to Nora?"

"There has been no intentional wrong done to Nora!"

"What! no wrong in all that villainy?"

"There has been no villainy, Reuben!"

"Then if that wasn't villainy, there's none in the world that ever was! and we say in the end that's all I have got to say!"

"Reuben, Nora was betrothed to the father of her child. He loved her dearly, and meant her well. You must believe this, since it is now our Heaven!" said Hannah, solemnly.

Reuben picked up his spade, but perhaps he was not sorry to be entirely relieved from the temptation of killing and the danger of detection.

And Hannah gave him as satisfactory an explanation of Nora's case as her limited gifts, without breaking her promise and betraying Herman Rendmold as the partner of Nora's misfortune.

At the close of her marvellous Reuben Grey took her hand, and holding it, said gravely:

"Well, my dear girl, I suppose the affair must rest where it is for the present. I can't see any one thing incumbent upon us." And having said this, Reuben hesitated as long that Hannah took up the word and added:

"This makes what Ishmael says, worse than ever!"

"To get angled right and left!" blunted out the man.

"Fray, have you come into a fortune, Reuben?" inquired Hannah, coolly.

"No, child, by no means!"

"Neither have I," interrupted Hannah.

"That was a going to say," continued the man, "that I have my hands to work with——"

"For your big family of cheeks and brothers——"

"And for you and that poor orphan boy, as well! And I'm willing to do it for you all! And we really must look out right away, Hannah! I must have a lawful right to protect you against the slights as you'll have to endure after what's happened, if you don't have a husband to take care of you!"

He paused and waited for her reply; but as she did not speak, he began again:

"Come, Hannah, my dear, what do you say to our being married at Pentecost?"

She did not answer, and he continued:

"I think as we better just get tied together after morning service! And then you know I'll take you and the lad off to baby home long of me, Hannah. And I'll be a loving husband to you, my girl; and I'll be a father to the little lad with as good a will as ever I was to my own orphan brother and sister. And I'll break off every bone in the skin of any man that looks askance at him too! Don't you fear for yourself or the child, my dear. The country side knows me for a peaceable disposed man; but it had rather not provoke me for all that, because it knows when I have a just cause of quarrel, I don't leave my work half done! Come, Hannah, what do you say, my dear? Shall it be of Sunday? You won't answer me? What! crying, my girl? crying! what's that for?"

The tears were streaming from Hannah's eyes. She took up her apron and buried her face in its folds.

"Now what's all that about?" continued Reuben, in distress; then suddenly brightening up, he said—"Oh, I know now! You're a thinking of Nancy and Peggy! Don't be afraid, Hannah! They won't do, nor say, nor even so much as look anything but kind to you, because I've had better not, if they know'n which side their bread is buttered! I am the master of my own house, you know, now as it is! And now you will be the mistress; and my sisters must keep their proper places. Hannah! Hannah my dear darling, what do you say to me?" he whispered, bending over her shoulder, while his head inclined to draw the apron from her face.

She dropped the apron, lifted her face, looked at him through her falling tears, and answered:

"This is what I have to bring you, dear, dearest, best loved Reuben! I feel your goodness in the very depths of my heart; I thank you with all my soul; I will love you—you only—as sisters and in solitude, all my life; I will pray for you daily and nightly; but——" She stopped and sobbed.

"But——" said Reuben, breathlessly.

"I will never carry myself any dishonor under your honest name, Reuben!"

Reuben caught his suspended breath with a great gasp and then was silent. Hannah, too, sobbing woman for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Hannah—oh my Lord! Hannah, you never mean to say that you won't marry me?"

"I mean just that, Reuben."

"Hannah, Hannah, what have I done to offend you? I never meant to do it! I don't even know what I have done! Is it for that villainous animal? But tell me what it is, and I will beg your pardon!"

"It is nothing, you good, true heart! nothing! I never thought of offending!"

"Then, I know it! It's Nancy and Peggy! They've been filling your head with lies! Now, as sure as I'm a living man, they shall come here and ask my pardon on their knees! I'll send word by bones and go to sent their little g somebody's kitchen! I've been too easy with them, and I won't suffer them to insult my own dear Hannah! I'll send them packing, I promise you!"

"Dear Reuben, you are totally mistaken! Your sisters are behaving yourself quite as sincere as the least cause of offence. They could not be kinder. They must be good girls, being your sisters."

"Well, if nothing else, then you have their poor feelings, Hannah, what in the name of sense do you mean by saying—it hats even to repeat the words—that you won't marry me, when I ask you?"

Reuben, reproach has fallen upon my name—undeserved it is true—but it has fallen! I am before young, unmarried sisters, with nothing but their good name to leave them through the world. For their sakes, dear, you must not marry me and my reproach."

"Is that all you mean, Hannah?"

"All."

"Then I will marry you!"

"Reuben, consider what you are up."

"I won't, I say! So, there, now."

"Dear Reuben, I love you with all, more than I do anything in this world except duty; but I cannot marry you! I will never marry you, sir!" said Hannah, struggling hard to repress the tears that were rushing to her eyes.

"Hannah, I begin to think you want to drive me crazy! Now, look here, my girl! What you would it be for me to marry you and adopt that poor child? The world would say that I did right and would be to give you up! But I won't do it! no! I love you for better or worse, and nothing on yeomen to marry me, Hannah, and I won't free your promise! And I will and I will marry you, if *I die for it!*" grimly penalized Reuben, desperately.

And before she could reply, they were interrupted by a loud call from the road.

"Come in!" said Hannah, expecting to see Mrs. Grey or some other female visitor.

The door was pushed gently open, and a woman of exceedingly lonely stood on the threshold.

Her slender but elegant form was clothed in the deepest mourning; her pale, delicate face was shaded by the deepest crape veil. Her dark eyes were fixed with the saddest interest upon Reuben and Hannah.

Hannah arose in great surprise to meet her.

"You are Miss Worth, I suppose, or the young stranger, in a soft voice.

"Yes, Miss, what is your will with me?"

"I am the Countess of Hurstmoncaux. Will you let me enter here a little while?" said the lady, with a sweet smile.

The countess was at the speaker in the utmost astonishment, forgetting to answer her question, or offer a seat, or even to remove the chair upon which the widow weed was blowing fiercely.

Well! well! well! Here was the great creature the Countess of Hurstmoncaux, the first of Mem, the wife of Lord Hurstmoncaux, the "awful woman" who had entrapped the young Orphan of Hillbrow and the degree of Nora Grey!

And Hannah gave him as satisfactory an explanation of Nora's case as her limited gifts, without breaking her promise and betraying Herman Rendmold as the partner of Nora's misfortune.

At the close of her marvellous Reuben Grey took her hand, and holding it, said gravely:

"Well, my dear girl, I suppose the affair must rest where it is for the present. I can't see any one thing incumbent upon us." And having said this, Reuben hesitated so long that Hannah took up the word and added:

"This makes what Ishmael says, worse than ever!"

"To get angled right and left!" blunted out the man.

"Fray, have you come into a fortune, Reuben?" inquired Hannah, coolly.

"No, child, by no means!"

"Neither have I," interrupted Hannah.

"That was a going to say," continued the man, "that I have my hands to work with——"

"For your big family of cheeks and brothers——"

"And for you and that poor orphan boy, as well! And I'm willing to do it for you all! And we really must look out right away, Hannah! I must have a lawful right to protect you against the slights as you'll have to endure after what's happened, if you don't have a husband to take care of you!"

He paused and waited for her reply; but as she did not speak, he began again:

"Come, Hannah, my dear, what do you say to our being married at Pentecost?"

She did not answer, and he continued:

"I think as we better just get tied together after morning service! And then you know I'll take you and the lad off to baby home long of me, Hannah. And I'll be a loving husband to you, my girl; and I'll be a father to the little lad with as good a will as ever I was to my own orphan brother and sister. And I'll break off every bone in the skin of any man that looks askance at him too! Don't you fear for yourself or the child, my dear. The country side knows me for a peaceable disposed man; but it had rather not provoke me for all that, because it knows when I have a just cause of quarrel, I don't leave my work half done! Come, Hannah, what do you say, my dear? Shall it be of Sunday? You won't answer me? What! crying, my girl? crying! what's that for?"

The tears were streaming from Hannah's eyes. She took up her apron and buried her face in its folds.

BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

MY STEAMBOAT EXPEDITION.

BY MARY C. VANDINE.

There was a boy in the door as I sat writing, and came in to say that Mrs. Lord was in the parlor, and asked to see me. Mrs. Lord was the clergyman's wife, and since my long visit in Arkansas, Hannah Grey and her three strange friends there than she and her husband had been strangers, while she had been cried at an interruption from any other person. I was glad to put aside my pen and went down to see her.

"You know I am to have a festival to-morrow evening, in aid of our church," Mrs. Lord said, after cordial words were exchanged.

I assented. I had heard rumors of a "strawberry festival."

"Mr. Lord is going to Trenton this afternoon, to order the strawberries. Ross and Robin will go with him, and as there is room in the carriage, I thought I would call and see if you would not like to ride over the ferry with us. It is only a mile or two, and you will be home long before dark," said Mrs. Lord, very graciously.

Nothing could have pleased me better, and with cordial words I accepted the invitation. And after an early dinner Mr. Lord came with the carriage and we were pretty cuddled, and we started.

The boat was at once, but no sooner had we reached the ferry than we were disappointed when we were informed by a pleasant bronze, that the boat was broken down. We then mounted by a winding road that gave us many glimpses of the river, and I would come into below, and the opposite bottom with the points. It was a lovely afternoon, and I was in their greatest summer dress; and the soft breeze, bearing the scent of wild strawberries, like nuts.

Before long there broke rattling praise, much of it under cultivation, with here and there a glimpse of the river, and the opposite bottom with the unmistakable signs. The grandest in the whole region was the old Indian mound, which gleam were still in their fondest nature, and, in fact, I never saw more beautiful specimens of trees. Between great fields of these, extending for miles, we would suddenly come to a wood, and I listened to the solemn rustle of the wind through the tall pines, and pleased and amused like the patter of forest leaves, but the wood was not long enough to shut out the clash of steel.

Then we came to one of the islands of verdure, beneath the shade of giant oaks, whose foliage glistened in the sun, every polished leaf seeming to have caught a ray. Here the road was almost beautiful.

At the highest part of the prairie, the view was more beautiful than I ever hoped to behold in this world. The whole country was beautifully by its surroundings. The eye ranged for miles and miles, and the sky seemed to dim as at once to see the veil that divides us but I cannot describe it. I will only say, it is a second, like that we should a vast mystery, which that view would be to a blind person, who had never known sight of land, but I had seen it. I had never known sight of land, but I had seen it. I had never known sight of land, but I had seen it. I

upon her arm to give weight to his words. "I do not wish any one to know of my return for a day or two."

"What be that for?"

"I have inquiries to make—double to clear up."

The widow asked no further questions.

As yet the name of John Bentley had not passed the lips of either of the speakers. Willie was the first to mention it.

"Aye," said Mr. Hasman, trying to assume a tone of indifference. "he be a great man now—married to the daughter of the banker—a partner in the mill—a very great man be John Bentley; but I'd rather be we' thee."

"Why so, mother?"

"I be saluted wi' thee as thah art," was the evasive reply.

"There is a mystery in this I cannot fathom," exclaimed her son—"a mystery you must explain to me. Bentley's marriage! his departure for America to join her husband! Surely she might have waited a week or two for my return. Has Walter Gayle," he added, "acted like a villain to her?"

"No, Willie, dartie," exclaimed the widow, eagerly. "If all his faults—and God knows the poor lad had many—be behaved like a man."

"And no one knew whom I would meet?"

"Dunna ask me," said his mother, wringing her hands.—"dunna ask me. I fed my word not to tell; and Bessie is my child, after all, as well as thah art."

The poor fellow asked no further questions. He was answered. Hiding his face in his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Dunna, Willie—dunna," sobbed Mrs. Hasman. "It wrings my poor old heart to see thah. Bentley, it was not all his fault."

"I am sure of that."

"And what be the use o' tears?"

"Right—you are right. This reckless is unworthy of manhood. Yet you would not wonder at it if you knew how hard it was to bind him. I can believe all now."

"What can'st thah believe?" said Hasman.

"Remember, I be said nothing."

Willie made no reply, but smiled bitterly.

The last allusion was to the base conduct of his false friend to the sister he had confided to his care on to a brother's guardianship. All the letters he had received from Michael Haman, exposing Bentley's treachery in the purchase of the patent. At first he disbelieved them; but proofs upon proofs were forced on him, till they he began to doubt.

It was three letters, rather than the offers they contained, which decided him, despite the advice and wishes of Scrivenir and Gregson, to return at once to England.

It was, in truth, a joyless welcome. Sorrow and disappointment, the consciousness, also, of disgrace, and his on the threshold of his early happy home. Desolation sat beside him at the hearth; he missed the kiss, the sunny smile of his sister; the rough, warm pressure of his brother's honest hand. True, the love of his mother was unchanged; and the love of a mother is a balm for many wounds, but not for all.

The widow would fain have arranged their solitary dinner in the little parlor; but he compassed so many happy hours with John Bentley, discussing their future prospects, and unsuspecting nature filled with confidence and hope.

"Not there," he said; "not there."

"As thah please, lad; as thah please."

The heart of his mother comprehended him.

On the following morning, long before the hour of Mr. Hasman or his son-in-law's visit to the mill, Willie, presented himself at the counting-house, and requested to speak with the owner.

"Welcome back again!" said the latter, shaking cordially by the hand the man he had known as a boy.—"welcome back! Mr. Bentley will be delighted to see you."

The visitor made no reply.

"Great changes since you were here," added the speaker; "but of course you have heard of Miss Mary's marriage with your friend?"

"He wrote to inform me."

"Mr. Bentley, no doubt; he is a partner, now. Shall I send one of the hands to let him know that you are here?"

"No."

The overseer looked surprised.

"It is too early to disturb him," added Willie. "I came because I wished to have a look at the old place again, and also some of your friends by the bank."

"They will be delighted to see you," observed the same. "We often speak of you in the mill."

"I have another motive."

"I know."

"I wish to see the smelting machine."

"Not it, and welcome," said the overseer.

"There is no mystery—the invention is patented —the interest thing however is only in my time. You are aware, I suppose, that Mr. Bentley has bought it?"

"Perfectly aware of it," answered Willie.

"He was only agent at first. But come this way. There is a model of it in the inner office; you can examine it at your leisure here."

The young man followed the speaker, and remained for nearly an hour examining the machine in its finish. The spick, splendid appearance attracted to a very few instants the colorable alterations which had been suggested—alterations which disguised, without changing the principle of the invention. He was fully, practically conversant.

"They say in the mill," observed the overseer, who accompanied him to the door on his departure, "that you had something to do with the invention."

"*Something*," repeated Willie, with a bitter smile.

"And that a great London engineer perfected it."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Mr. Mr. Haman could not even tell it," replied the man. "He was mentioning the circumstance only a few days since to a gentleman who came to take out a license for using it, and expressed his regret at your not having reaped all the advantages you deserved."

"Mr. Haman is an honest man," said Willie, emphatically.

"Of course he is. Not a better in Manchester."

"World others were like him!"

With these words the speaker took his leave, his generous heart more pained by the conviction that the man he had trusted as a brother had merely deprived him of the fame due to the invention, than by the material loss.

The sun was a secondary consideration.

When, in the course of the day, the worthy cotton spinner and his son-in-law arrived at the mill, the former was greatly surprised to hear that Willie had already been there before them. He regarded his companion, who shrugged his shoulders, as if he, too, was at a loss to comprehend.

"Did he leave no message?" asked Mr. Haman.

"No, sir."

"For Mr. Bentley, I mean."

"None whatever, sir."

"Hemph!" muttered the employer.

As Miss Wembury once observed, the word means more than it expressed from the lips of the speaker. Evidently he felt dissatisfied.

"He came early to see the mill," observed the overseer; "I am the carding machine."

John Bentley coloured to the complexion.

"You showed it him, of course?" said Mr. Haman.

"I did sir."

"You were wrong to do so without permission," observed the partner, hastily.

"Not to Willie?" said his father-in-law, mildly.

"Poor fellow! I can comprehend his disappointment. Do you know, John, I have not the slightest doubt that the invention would have been given myself on opinion I expressed at the time you applied to me, but for the wicked effect in a different light since. I ought to have given him time—furnished him with means. It required so little to perfect his invention."

"Not that little was important," remarked the hypocrite.

"True," replied the cotton-spinner, "true; still, we must do something for him."

By this time the observation John Bentley expressed his willing assent. Like most men who by unscrupulous means have arrived at fortune, he began to feel now the value of reputation.

It was enough for mid-day when Michael Haman rung the bell for his senior clerk, and directed him to obtain one of the hands to conduct the gentleman who accompanied him.

"Not Hans or Gabriel!" exclaimed the man.

"Not any one," replied the old man, sharply. "Are not my words sufficiently precise? The order admits of no exception. Mr. Barnes," he continued, addressing at him with his small, grey eyes, "I am not in the habit of repeating my directions—cannot afford the time—and have long destroyed one of the essential illusions of existence, confidence in the fidelity of servants."

Michael smiled, but took no other notice.

"There are two letters," he said, producing a packet, that closely together, from the iron safe. "I had long overlooked them."

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "Nothing like regularity in business."

"I only require one proof," observed Willie, in the letter which you received from Mr. Bentley to Bartlett, directing him to meet him at Chapel-en-le-Frith."

"You will find it marked number three," said Michael Haman.

The man of law drew it from the packet, and handed it to the young man, who read it over, and then returned it without a word.

"Have you any doubt as to the handwriting?" inquired the father of Alice.

"None, sir."

"Examine the post-mark."

"It is quite correct. I was almost convinced," replied the young man, "before I saw it."

After a lengthened examination of the papers, Willie returned them to the cotton-spinner, who said—

"The first," he said, "is in stock the original sale, as having been purchased by Mr. Bentley."

"Fraud!" repeated Willie. "Yes, that is the true word."

"There is only one danger attending it in the way of success."

"What is that?"

"The validity of the patent may be disputed," replied the lawyer.

"The other course?" asked Michael Haman, quietly.

"To file a bill in Chancery, calling on John Bentley to give up the patent as the represent of the estate of Gilbert Haman, the original patentholder, Bartlett."

"I prefer the former proceeding," said Willie, firmly. "It will place the transaction in its true light; show him to the world, the unscrupulous villain that he is!"

"A forgiven sin risk," suggested Mr. Warren.

"I will bear that," observed the old man, calmly. "In these transactions, I am called, 'why we should not try both proceedings?'"

"For the expense."

To Michael Haman that was no consideration. His wealth was almost a burden to him. The increased immensely since he had settled in Manchester; every thing he touched seemed to turn to gold. There was a mocking as well as a poetic justice in the punishment of the unscrupulous.

Poor Willie was already beginning to feel it.

Accompanied by Mr. Warren, the deceived and outraged friend—outraged in all but the most dear to him—hastened to the lodgings of the lawyer, where, by prearranged advice, a post-chaise was in readiness, all the documents connected with the invention.

"God be wi' thah, lad; God be wi' thah. Don't come back to us, Willie, till you can bring a brave lish would; summut told me I should see thah agin." Such were the kindly farewells of Blind John, who, as he spoke, pressed his hand upon his heart.

Blind John frequently spoke of seeing his sister.

"But who be it wi' thah, lad? It beant Alice—I should ha' known his step."

"Who does he mean by 'him?'" whispered Mr. Warren.

"Mr. Bentley," whispered Willie.

"What, sir!" said Blind John, as he caught the maledict, sharply.

"I tell the gentleman that you were speaking of Mr. Bentley."

"Aye, aye; he be a rich man now, thanks to somebody as I knows; but that'll find him out in time."

"You have not got over your former prejudice," observed the young man.

"My what?"

"Dislike."

"Why don't he speak plain and honestly like, that a poor fellow can understand?" said old John, in a querulous tone. "Get over it!—no I never will. I never liked un—never liked un—never liked his voice—it wasn't open and honest like —spoke in a false way. That's my opinion. That's blinder sar I."

"That's all you've cut in time," he added. "Too saw clearer than I did," answered Willie, with a sigh, "although your eyes are closed. Is it not so?"

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"I knowed it."

"And robbed of my fair share of the credit due to our invention."

"It wor all thah own, lad—all thah own!" exclaimed the blind man, greatly excited. "Didn't I listen night after night to every word that passed betwixt yo? It war thah as thought o' puttin' the cards all one way."

"If we could only prove that!" said Mr. Warren.

"Who spoke?"

"My lawyer, John," said the young man, who has called with me to hope of giving me something like my due as to an appeal to justice."

"A lawyer!" repeated the old musician, distastefully. "Well," he added after a pause, "I don't know as you can help it, sir, nor I either. Some folks be so fond o' law. You may be no honest man. I be'nt sure that some are honest."

"I trust so," said the gentleman.

"And if Willie, that's summut to say that it wor thah as first thought o' puttin' the cards all one way."

"It is most important."

"I'll prove it for 'ee, lad."

"How?"

"I, lad. I ha' gotten off to some short me." The speaker fumbled in his pocket till he found the key which opened one of the cupboards in his room, which he groped now forth an old paper book, and placed carefully upon the table.

"What have you there?"

"The proof, lad. The—the—" and he added, holding out his hand to it, "I knowed this book from all others again! one blank sheet that fire Leonore. There's the bits of cards, in Manchester, were entered into the company house. Michael hold out its hand to the former, who shook it with a hearty grasp to see it, something akin to repletion towards the man who had, unconsciously to himself, so nearly destroyed one of the essential illusions of existence—confidence in the fidelity of servants.

Michael smiled, but took no other notice.

"These are the letters," he said, producing a packet, that closely together, from the iron safe. "I had long overlooked them."

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "Nothing like regularity in business."

"I only require one proof," observed Willie, in the letter which you received from Mr. Bentley to Bartlett, directing him to meet him at Chapel-en-le-Frith."

"You will find it marked number three," said Michael Haman.

The man of law drew it from the packet, and handed it to the young man, who read it over, and then returned it without a word.

"Have you any doubt as to the handwriting?" inquired the father of Alice.

"None, sir."

"Examine the post-mark."

"It is quite correct. I was almost convinced," replied the young man, "before I saw it."

After a lengthened examination of the papers, Willie returned them to the cotton-spinner, who said—

"The first," he said, "is in stock the original sale, as having been purchased by Mr. Bentley."

"Fraud!" repeated Willie. "Yes, that is the true word."

"There is only one danger attending it in the way of success."

"What is that?"

"The validity of the patent may be disputed," replied the lawyer.

"The other course?" asked Michael Haman, quietly.

"To file a bill in Chancery, calling on John Bentley to give up the patent as the represent of the estate of Gilbert Haman, the original patentholder, Bartlett."

"I prefer the former proceeding," said Willie, firmly. "It will place the transaction in its true light; show him to the world, the unscrupulous villain that he is!"

"A forgiven sin risk," suggested Mr. Warren.

"I will bear that," observed the old man, calmly. "In these transactions, I am called, 'why we should not try both proceedings?'"

"For the expense."

To Michael Haman that was no consideration. His wealth was almost a burden to him. The increased immensely since he had settled in Manchester; every thing he touched seemed to turn to gold. There was a mocking as well as a poetic justice in the punishment of the unscrupulous.

Poor Willie was already beginning to feel it.

Accompanied by Mr. Warren, the deceived and outraged friend—outraged in all but the most dear to him—hastened to the lodgings of the lawyer, where, by prearranged advice, a post-chaise was in readiness, all the documents connected with the invention.

"God be wi' thah, lad; God be wi' thah. Don't come back to us, Willie, till you can bring a brave lish would; summut told me I should see thah agin." Such were the kindly farewells of Blind John, who, as he spoke, pressed his hand upon his heart.

Blind John frequently spoke of seeing his sister.

"But who be it wi' thah, lad? It beant Alice—I should ha' knowed his step."

"Who does he mean by 'him?'" whispered Mr. Warren.

"Mr. Bentley," whispered Willie.

"What, sir!" said Blind John, as he caught the maledict, sharply.

"I tell the gentleman that you were speaking of Mr. Bentley."

"Aye, aye; he be a rich man now, thanks to somebody as I knows; but that'll find him out in time."

"You have not got over your former prejudice," observed the young man.

"My what?"

"Dislike."

"Why don't he speak plain and honestly like, that a poor fellow can understand?" said old John, in a querulous tone. "Get over it!—no I never will. I never liked un—never liked un—never liked his voice—it wasn't open and honest like —spoke in a false way. That's my opinion. That's blinder sar I."

"That's all you've cut in time," he added. "Too saw clearer than I did," answered Willie, with a sigh, "although your eyes are closed. Is it not so?"

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"I knowed it."

"And robbed of my fair share of the credit due to our invention."

"It wor all thah own, lad—all thah own!" exclaimed the blind man, greatly excited. "Didn't I listen night after night to every word that passed betwixt yo? It war thah as thought o' puttin' the cards all one way."

"If we could only prove that!" said Mr. Warren.

"My lawyer, John," said the young man, "who has called with me in hope of giving me something like my due as to an appeal to justice."

"A lawyer!" repeated the old musician, distastefully. "Well," he added after a pause, "I don't know as you can help it, sir, nor I either. Some folks be so fond o' law. You may be no honest man. I be'nt sure that some are honest."

"I trust so," said the gentleman.

"And if Willie, that's summut to say that it wor thah as first thought o' puttin' the cards all one way."

"It is most important."

"I'll prove it for 'ee, lad."

"How?"

"I, lad. I ha' gotten off to some short me."

The speaker fumbled in his pocket till he found the key which opened one of the cupboards in his room, which he groped now forth an old paper book, and placed carefully upon the table.

"What have you there?"

"The proof, lad. The—the—" and he added, holding out his hand to it, "I knowed this book from all others again! one blank sheet that fire Leonore. There's the bits of cards, in Manchester, were entered into the company house. Michael hold out its hand to the former, who shook it with a hearty grasp to see it, something akin to repletion towards the man who had, unconsciously to himself, so nearly destroyed one of the essential illusions of existence—confidence in the fidelity of servants.

Michael smiled, but took no other notice.

"These are the letters," he said, producing a packet, that closely together, from the iron safe. "I had long overlooked them."

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "Nothing like regularity in business."

"I only require one proof," observed Willie, in the letter which you received from Mr. Bentley to Bartlett, directing him to meet him at Chapel-en-le-Frith."

"You will find it marked number three," said Michael Haman.

The man of law drew it from the packet, and handed it to the young man, who read it over, and then returned it without a word.

"Have you any doubt as to the handwriting?" inquired the father of Alice.

"None, sir."

"Examine the post-mark."

"It is quite correct. I was almost convinced," replied the young man, "before I saw it."

After a lengthened examination of the papers, Willie returned them to the cotton-spinner, who said—

"The first," he said, "is in stock the original sale, as having been purchased by Mr. Bentley."

"Fraud!" repeated Willie. "Yes, that is the true word."

"There is only one danger attending it in the way of success."

"What is that?"

"The validity of the patent may be disputed," replied the lawyer.

"The other course?" asked Michael Haman, quietly.

"To file a bill in Chancery, calling on John Bentley to give up the patent as the represent of the estate of Gilbert Haman, the original patentholder, Bartlett."

"I prefer the former proceeding," said Willie, firmly. "It will place the transaction in its true light; show him to the world, the unscrupulous villain that he is!"

"A forgiven sin risk," suggested Mr. Warren.

"I will bear that," observed the old man, calmly. "In these transactions, I am called, 'why we should not try both proceedings?'"

"For the expense."

To Michael Haman that was no consideration. His wealth was almost a burden to him. The increased immensely since he had settled in Manchester; every thing he touched seemed to turn to gold. There was a mocking as well as a poetic justice in the punishment of the unscrupulous.

Poor Willie was already beginning to feel it.

Accompanied by Mr. Warren, the deceived and outraged friend—outraged in all but the most dear to him—hastened to the lodgings of the lawyer, where, by prearranged advice, a post-chaise was in readiness, all the documents connected with the invention.

"God be wi' thah, lad; God be wi' thah. Don't come back to us, Willie, till you can bring a brave lish would; summut told me I should see thah agin." Such were the kindly farewells of Blind John, who, as he spoke, pressed his hand upon his heart.

Blind John frequently spoke of seeing his sister.

"But who be it wi' thah, lad? It beant Alice—I should ha' knowed his step."

"Who does he mean by 'him?'" whispered Mr. Warren.

"Mr. Bentley," whispered Willie.

"What, sir!" said Blind John, as he caught the maledict, sharply.

"I tell the gentleman that you were speaking of Mr. Bentley."

"Aye, aye; he be a rich man now, thanks to somebody as I knows; but that'll find him out in time."

"You have not got over your former prejudice," observed the young man.

"My what?"

"Dislike."

"Why don't he speak plain and honestly like, that a poor fellow can understand?" said old John, in a querulous tone. "Get over it!—no I never will. I never liked un—never liked un—never liked his voice—it wasn't open and honest like —spoke in a false way. That's my opinion. That's blinder sar I."

"That's all you've cut in time," he added. "Too saw clearer than I did," answered Willie, with a sigh, "although your eyes are closed. Is it not so?"

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"I knowed it."

"And robbed of my fair share of the credit due to our invention."

"It wor all thah own, lad—all thah own!" exclaimed the blind man, greatly excited. "Didn't I listen night after night to every word that passed betwixt yo? It war thah as thought o' puttin' the cards all one way."

"If we could only prove that!" said Mr. Warren.

possible to proceed against John Bentley criminally for conspiracy to defraud, and he laid his papers before the well-known Sergeant Bigge.

A consultation followed.

"One thing is necessary," observed that great authority.

"Money?" asked the old man.

"Yes, of course."

"It shall not be wanting."

"But, I was not aware that I alluded to your solicitor has informed me whom I have to deal with. Have you procured the consent of this William Haman to the indictment?"

"I am."

"He is not a person to be bought off?"

"A million could not buy him."

"Then your course is a little incredulous at this assertion. He had such experience in the ways of men, and doubted the existence of any virtue that such a man would not purchase.

"I know him," added his client, "you do not."

"I know the world, unfortunately, Mr. Haman," was the reply.

"Unfortunately!"

The learned advocate was struck by the calm confidence of the speaker, and secretly wondered whether it arose from knowledge of William Haman, or blind faith in human nature.

"Do you think," asked the old man, "that there is any chance of a conviction?"

"Doubtful," replied the sergeant. He had already pocketed an enormous fee, and could afford to give an honest opinion.

The father of Alice looked disappointed.

"But I can promise you one thing," continued the speaker, "that my reputation as a man of honour is the retired corner of the world, will be sufficient to silence gentlemen. His name will become a shame to those who bear it—a brand, a blot."

"Never had a case, in my life," he added, "in which I felt so much interest. Gentlemen, I bid you good-morning. I will be ready to be made of them."

The solicitor was then consulted, and the resolution was unchanged.

Finally, the agent offered him the large sum of five thousand pounds.

"Five thousand!"

"Name your price," said the lawyer, despairingly, "and secure."

"I have no price, sir," was the dignified reply. "The retirement of my life I will not undermine."

"Mr. Bentley," he continued, "has wronged me, not only in my interests—I could look over that—but in a point to which I dare not trust myself to do more than allude to it. Tell him, sir, he will understand my reasoning; it is unalterable."

The following was to be done by way of compromise, the agent, who protested that he had acted entirely upon his own suggestion, took his leave.

This was the astonishment in Manchester when it first became rumored that John Bentley, the model man, the man who was the wealthiest mill-owner in the place, was about to be arrested on a charge of fraud and conspiracy to defraud the carding machine of his fair share of the profits. Many, at first, refused to believe it.

"Not he!" said one.

"He sooner so good upon 'Change!" suggested a second.

"So regular at church!"

"Could defraud a suburban of all the charities!"

The fact of the approaching trial at last became too well established to be disputed, and excitement interest was excited. Men when they met spoke of little else. Two parties were formed in the town: one composed of the friends of Gilbert Haman—a few, it is true, but respectable class of mill-owners and mercantile men; the other of Bentley's friends, who received the prosperity of his successful son-in-law.

The real merits of the case had little or nothing to do with their partisanship one way or the other. As yet they were unknown.

Michael Haman both felt and spoke most indignantly of the ingratitude of Willie, and the unnatural conduct of his brother Bentley. Everywhere he told the tale of John Bentley's base conduct—related the hard and fortune of his niece, and denounced the whole affair as a vile conspiracy to wrest from a better feeling of revenge by her father.

As for the malice of the old man's conduct, he was the universal theme.

On the day of trial, which was to have taken place in Manchester, the counsel for the defendant produced a writ of certiorari, which removed the proceedings to the King's Bench, London.

The gave John Bentley three or four weeks' more breathing time. His astonished friend ceased to soliciting a personal interview with the man who was ruining him.

It was refused.

It was a sad trial for Mary, soon about once more to become a mother; but confidence in the love of her husband appeared little to shake. Her cheek was still impenetrable; the time for outward signs of sorrow was past.

In this blind faith her aunt sustained her.

"I will write to her as well as Mary," she said, as she wept upon the shoulder of the deceiver on the eve of his departure for London, where her father was to accompany him.

John Bentley pressed her hand.

"And send me the first news of your—your child."

She could not bring herself to pronounce the name of Willie. Her husband knew it, and appreciate in her eyes to doubt the integrity of her kinsman.

"I will bring it myself, dearest love," was the response.

John Bentley, whose interests were too deeply involved to permit his being a cautious observer, noticed as they rode to London that different hotels appeared crowded and excited. It might have been nothing more than a coincidence, but the circumstance struck him as peculiar when they were journeying together, and in a few instants, and in a few instants, and in a few instants

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

REPLY

TO THE SONG OF "THE SPRING FLOWERS."

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

Gentle ones, a tender welcome
From the hand of Winter's bleak!
Half unto your silver vestures
Hint some pure golden flame!
Half to you an emblem of Nature;
Half an prophecies that be
Shall not always in the mountains
Of the dark Death-Valley lie!

II.

Joy, O, joy! how many hours
In the woodland we will list
To your low, soft, soothing music,
By the South-Wind's minstrel kissed!
Kissed with balm, and with sunshine,
Wooed into a gallolien sing
Such as only in the poets'
The nonelike, can belong!

III.

Sing, O, sing, ye sweet creatures!
Sing, O, sing of Spring and love!
Charm unto your golden bosoms
All the birds that fly above!
Bind the gay, fleet birds, we charge you,
Whisper to your clearer charges
Of the death of Life's dark hours
And the deathless after-time!

IV.

Now, we hear you! O, what measures
Full of mercy, pure and true!
What a something in your bosoms
Wrote by hearts from shores afar!
Earth, despite of all thy darkness,
Pallid shroud and bier of bone,
In these flowers there is witness
That some Eden's not all lost!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 8.

BY COL. WILLIAM S. DUNLAP.

THE OLD GUIDE'S STORY.

An appreciation to Bolna's idiom would be impossible. He had learned to speak English, French, Dutch, and Spanish, and his use of words was peculiar. There was no music in his voice, but there was a sort of cadence to his tones, when he was in earnest, that embraced the interest of his narrative.

"I remember, ten years ago, or thereabouts," he commenced, "that I encamped in a spot much like the one now before us; but it was not in this part of the country. It was away to the eastward, near the Caffiein Mountains. I had been engaged by a party of Virginians as guide them from the coast up into the country towards the bases of the Hortician, where a Catholic mission had been established. There were in the party two priests, called Father Ambrose and Father Ambrose, and four merchants. I told them that they were going to travel a dangerous road, for the Caffres had been at war with the English, and had a deadly hatred of all white men. But the two priests were not to be put off. They said they were at work for a Heavenly Master, and their words must be done. As for the merchants, I could understand them easily. They were going into the land missionaries in the hope of making large sums of money. The priests were really the leaders of the expedition; but one of the merchants, a large, powerful man, called Don Gomez, seemed the chief of affairs. They had six Hottentot servants when we started; but before we had gone a hundred a week four of these Hottentots deserted. However, the priests willingly coveted for the party, and the run-away servants were not much missed.

"In twenty days we had crossed the mountains, so the great units where the water commences to flow to the west, and one afternoon of the twenty-first day we encamped in a place very much like this. We had met but one with no trouble, and the merchants laughed when I spoke of the Caffres. I told them if the Caffres did not come they might laugh in welcome, they would be glad if they could. But if the Caffres did come, I knew that the men of the Caffre land were not well blood-thirsty. The English had made war upon them, and they were ready to take vengeance upon all white men. And one thing more I told the Portuguese—the Caffre warriors were not children. They were strong and powerful, and knew how to use their strength.

"It was almost sundown when our camp was fired by the side of the river, and while the two priests sat about preparing supper, I helped take care of the oxen. We had no wagons, the goods being carried in the saddles on packs. I had some of the animals down to the water to drink; I now fresh fore-quarters were in sight. They were large, strong prints, and I knew that Caffre men had made them. Just how old was not all that I discovered. I found a broken arrow, and a spot of fresh blood, with powder scattered about upon the sand, as though a bird had been shot there. These marks could not have been made many hours. If Caffres had made them, then I could not believe the Caffres would be away; I led my oxen back to the tether, and brought down some more to the water; and this time I ran my eye carefully over the shores of the lake. I had not been mistaken. Just on the opposite side I plainly saw men moving in the bushes. I made no sign, but pretended to be only busy in watering my oxen; yet I kept an eye upon the suspicious spot, and could plainly see that the warrior, upon his hands and knees, looking carefully towards our camp.

"As I walked back to the tether I thought the matter over, and was not long in coming to a conclusion. In the first place, there was a party of Caffres upon the opposite side of the lake; and the very fact that they kept themselves concealed was like a declaration that they meant mischief. What was to be done? In the judgment of the Portuguese I had little confidence. Father Ambrose, the elder of the two priests, was the man to advise with. I drew him aside, as though I wished to ask him to look at the oxen, and when we were far enough away, I told him what I had seen; and he was not at all startled, but did not seem to be frightened; and I soon found that he knew as much of the Caffres as I did. He told me to wait while he went down to the water, and look to speak of the matter to any of the others. He went to his pack, and took out an old shirt, which he carried down to the water to wash. He worked away until he had removed as much dirt as he thought necessary, and then he came back, and joined me again.

"'You are right, Bolna,' he said to me. 'There are Caffre men hidden beyond the lake, and I have seen some of them. They are warriors, and are of a strong, bloodthirsty tribe; and I know that they mean to attack us. How can we escape them?'

"I shook my head.

"'There may be one in reading,' he continued, 'for they would surely overtake us. We might, possibly, save ourselves by leaving all our property behind; but we must not do that.'

And there he asked me what I thought.

"'I told him that we had got to meet the Caffres at some time, and I thought we had better do it now, while we had warning of their coming. He thought the same.

"'There cannot be many of them,' he said, 'or they would have attacked us on this. They mean to set upon us by night.'

"Of course this seemed reasonable, though I had not thought of it before. After consulting a while longer Father Ambrose was called in. He trembled when he heard the news, but said he was ready to do his part. He said he was going to do the Lord's work, and if any of the servants of the devil came to rob him of it, he must overcome them if he could, even though he had to take their lives. Father Ambrose nodded his head, as much as to say that he felt the same.

"The four merchants were anxious for their supper, and asked me when they must be ready. The cloth was spread by the side of some bushes, and while the others were sitting, Father Ambrose directed me to see that every piece of firearms was carefully loaded. When I had completed my task I was as well possibly use—and when I had seen that they were all ready, I went back and told them that they were all ready, I went back and told them that they were all ready, I went back and told them